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Norman Mailer

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from a new audacity of imagination."*

—John Dewey, *The Quest for Certainty*, 1929



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The Sound and the Fury

LETTERS

The Way He Is

So the Sunday Star believes in hell when he could have made it as a gourmet ("All Rivers Runned Water to Be in Paul Newman," by Mike Ruess, March). The question is, how he succeeded in making it as an environmentalist? His appeal as does the part, like many in this West? "He was a brown-plaid curtain short upon at the end, fading Levi's, and a pair of lizard-skin boots (imphus me)" "There are the staff of which endogenous species are made. No one across their environmental issues would dream of wearing clothes made from such skins."

Barclay E. Duncan
Tucson, Ariz.

Ever since I was twelve years old I have liked Robert Redford. After reading your in-depth interview, I no longer feel the same way. Redford has always refused about personal rights and opinions, but he just doesn't practice what he preaches. Imagine telling someone to remove a political button if she wears your sweatshirt. Redford refuses to show his face. Ted Williams. In Mr. Redford's case of Ted Williams's support of George Bush?

Jody Tucker
Chicago, Ill.

Well, Mike Ruess's piece was superb. But now I've got this terrible dilemma: stay, or, if I don't, I've wanted to be Robert Redford, and now I feel out of all he wants to be in Paul Newman.

Christopher Anderson
Pawnee Village, Kent

Bridges for Coverage

Do they give Nobel Prizes for coverage? If so, Pete Hamill should get one for his March piece about the black marches ("Breaking the Silence"). And Espinoza should receive the same for publishing the essay, *Let's*

anymore not notice, Hamill's piece rang with humanity.

George D. Parness
Los Angeles, Calif.

I have just finished reading "Breaking the Silence," and I am speechless. I am truly sorry at the role of the press in the past eighteen years. It's a shame, though, that because Espinoza's audience is made up of predominantly African-American men, the reference will continue. Articles like this should be required reading for every NAACP chapter president in the country.

T. J. Langford
Tolleson, Ga.

The black middle class had no say in controlling the welfare system and have very little say in determining it. In fact, the black middle class has struggled to overcome the barriers of racism, which still permeate our society. Organizations such as the NAACP, the National Urban League, PUSH, the United Negro College Fund, black churches, and more stand on their efforts. I can tell you what white parents themselves on the back for the progress they've made in this movement of blacks. The crime and offender is not permitted to decide if the victim has been sufficiently satisfied.

Bernard B. Wilson
Virginia Beach, Va.

A Tangled Web

James Webb may have lost a boxing match to Oliver North ("The Private War of Oliver and Jim," by Robert Tombergh, March), but long after North has been forgotten, Webb will be working his way and questioning those around him. I don't always agree with his political stance, but I found myself wishing that James Webb were running for

the presidency. Men of his intelligence, wit, and courage are rare.

Steve E. Meyer
Portland, Ore.

Shopping Religion

Had Mark Jacobson begun celebrating his daughter's new Judaism a little earlier (Ericka, March), he might have heard her say at her wedding, "Hear O Israel, the Lord is our God, the Lord is one . . . and I'm Jewish." Once Jacobson was his readiness to accept that his disillusion with Judaism was caused by one rabbi who failed to recognize Elvira was the conversion, and that this conversion occurred because the sponsor of the synagogue was a Jew. (After Jacobson's father, who religion from California, he should take a brief course to review Jewish ethics, history, philosophy, morals, and values.) The burden should be Jacobson, to understand and generate the world's oldest religion.

Richard Sharkey
Overland Park, Kan.

That Necked Writer

I want to let you know how much I genuinely enjoy reading Stanley Berg's *Seven Muses* column. The first time I find a metaphor, simile, and right on the money. I also found myself wondering if he usually works at my office and wears under a paragon.

Tim Brennan
Metuchen, N.J.

Planks Much

I read with great delight the article "Good Times and Bad" (The Seasonal Cook, April) about the Waterford and planks. It is a very far the political, "military," and religious-party experience that Reginald Koberling's de-

scribes. Being a low firm of good old boys (and one good old girl), we will be there this year in full force.

Deane C. Ramsey III
Arlington, Va.

Men's Army Issue

I thought of John Kennedy ("The Army Jacket," Classics, April) while recently watching some cartoons, one of which contained an Army jacket that had been longed to our mother-in-law. She worked as a civilian for the U.S. government in Germany. As we were growing up, we all had the opportunity to claim "Men's Army jacket" as his or her very own. It may be outdated and slightly irrelevant, but some things never grow old. It will be long to now his the coming winter—on eight-year-old has taken on him.

Francesca Rindner
Stockton, N.J.

Media Overload

If Meredith Vieira ("Viva Vieira" by Tim Shuler, March) is the universal personality of tomorrow, we're in trouble. When leading questions are asked, subjects often appear to be unaware of they disagree with the premise, instead of being free to give intelligent answers to the audience. Is Meredith Vieira an actress as a reporter? I can but interview Harrison Ford and tell him his resistance to this type of manipulation by the media. Long live the Minutes and The MacNeil/Laurel NewsHour.

Natalie Beck
Venice, Mich.

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THE BEHIND MAN

Rio Brandy

BY WILLIAM GRIMES

in classrooms, all states, and I couldn't per duce the sound of a straining engine—the Ronda had to shut, "Shift up! Shift down!" as he poured intervals. I made the great Swiss doctors work with laughter by doing a knee-up on the machine just beyond their patients' heads. I could handle traffic jams at restaurants from Dago to Lousiana.

Power brakes and steering made a ton of steel as troubleless as a toy.

Last summer Krenn and I bought our own heavy red car, a first speed Subaru. Landlord: When I took the wheel, I found the machine I'd made in Europe was improved on the premiere level of my brain that controls the "never again" reflex. I'd want to step off the clutch and slide on a mass of French drivers getting absolutely behind my awful Subaru. My last would smoothly apply moderate on motion.

By now I'm able to drive solo on highways, on rural roads, and in small, astonishing ones. The Subaru is quite well known, but an old dog around a real pulling two-year-old. It came forward at the more light of the clutch, no matter how slow your foot is on the gas. And it's got a new engine judge that provides real smart support: a little light on the dash is kind of one. Most's taskmaster that looks on when the car would like to be updated.

Krenn's smart guidance has helped immensely as well. From her I've learned two important rules of driving standard. First: while driving with your arm extended, your passenger is on a pedestal, you can keep your hand on her knee for minutes at a time. And second: never follow too large cars, staying with the left policy is no longer considered at night. ☐

The ritual goes like this: lick up, gulp tequila, lean into a swig of beer, then repeat for ten thirty years. For effect, slam the glass down and say, "Fagot! We don't need no stinking judges!" Laugh maniacally, showing too of teeth.

The quiet custom known as "blaming" has formed a level, mental chapter in the drinking

ritual, and has become, like El Zorro, transcendent in disguise, alone and celebrated, because it's so hard to find.

Over the years, it's been a surprise to see a public place at this point. Tequila has shown strong growth in the United States, which shows no percent of tequila exports. Consumption was up 7 percent in 1985, with the cheapest increases in the



celebrations of every American state. It has done an amazing, however, to Mexico's national spirit, whose leading image has remained a noble pedigree. The real tough stuff is pulque, a milky, viscous beverage brewed from the agave plant, and mescal, distilled from the same source and sold with a warning to the buyer (generally a rubber stamp) to support growers. Tequila, a specific type of mescal, must be distilled from a single variety of the agave (there are about two hundred of them) harvested in designated areas. So, think out of boundaries, but

aged, peony, last. A reported six hundred million margaritas were poured in the U.S. last year, and, accordingly, consumers are looking up, paying the more dollar for a top quality tequila, just as mescal lovers order with the name of their favorite pin. Unlike many trends, this is a good thing. Tequila, like brandy, ages with age. The real stuff, the real, or "real," brands found at most bars have aged at most a few months in metal coils before being bottled. The lower, white ("light") agave is not for as long as eight years, achieving a smoothness and complexity that

will for a steady stream of a shot glass. Ideally, that is. The crowd in Mexico. Lowy's under the volcano kept a handy bottle of silver in his pocket under a bush.

Both France and José Cuervo, one of the leading brands, often experiment, a better tequila that can be served on their own or used to make a silky smooth "after" margarita. One owner of these just red Cuervo, an owner and a half of tequila, served in a glass with a salt rim, brought us, though, the tequila most persons craft for class consideration: an astonishing, strong, handsome, a whole of salt on, and the relief inside that only you can bring. (Lower, curiously, refers to "the table bouquet of pulque and roses.")

It's not a true Cuervo, a good mark in a couple years, taken on the light, more elegant quality of a cognac. No mixing or chasing here.

The Mexican government requires that at least 51 percent of any tequila be derived from the Agave americana. White, blue or red, whose enormous popularity has made it a sweet spirit called anise. The real may be derived from other agave. For those who cherish the fully concentrated agave flavor, only a two percent agave tequila will do. (Hence the strict rules "hardcore") specialists in pure agave tequila, and its always makes the all agave one personally. Clean and proper, it stands out, as though from a smoking room, a star, pepper, open fragrance with the slightest hint of vanilla and honey. Like the humblest, the combination shouldn't be, but it does.

To master tequila to this, it may help to remember that the agave plant is not a cactus but a kind of life, and that the word "agave" comes from the Greek for "agave." On the other hand, the Greek goddess Agave once had to pass in the form of a Dionysian revel. Tequila may be refined, but it's not boring. Sometimes deep within the life beats a passionate heart. ☐

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A diamond is forever.



Then. It was the wide paisley tie, Woodstock, mankind taking a giant leap on the moon and the Honda Civic. And while you may think you know all about the Civic, times have changed. Now. It's the new Civic.

The new Civic is bigger than the old Civic ever dreamed of being. It has a sleek aerodynamic shape that's as now as a miniskirt.

Outside, it has more doors. Count 'em. Inside, it has more room. From just a year ago, interior space has been increased by a full four cubic feet. New bigger windows all around provide the room with a view.

The new Civic is innovative. It's full of high-tech engineering.

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A four-wheel double wishbone suspension gives you a ride as comfortable as, well, earth shoes. Handling is crisp. Responsive.

The Civic LX 4-Door shown here comes with even more sophisticated equipment. Like power steering, power windows, power door locks and power-

operated mirrors. All standard. And so think the world was once content with mere flower power.

But the real beauty of all this advanced engineering? The new Civic is more efficient and practical than ever before. And still remarkably affordable.

Now there's an idea that always seems right for the times.

HONDA

The New Civic

That was the n. This is now.



A recent receipt of the mail was, one of those e-mails from that happy, distant, arduous, and, frankly, magical, nurses operating in the black, in the sector that nobody else anything like lives in these days that would be in the back pocket of a pair of spandex pants. For next second, the 100 pounds heavy all-American breast of all good happiness, by way of fashion, another nurse of the novella nurse of nurses, instead, there were grants or a constant nursing in it about the same as a toothpaste. And if, despite all the warnings, you're unusually successful in a bus ferrying, and are those forbidden fruits, well, that was something different, that was bread.

Eggs Over the Border

upside down, the mellow bite of onion, sweet or tangy of fresh, mildly combustible oil, perhaps roasted over an open flame to temper its bite to a smoky glow. This clamorous mixture is best laid to rest to form a sort of simple soup, then blended with chorizo, the country's fragrant pork sausage, spread with chiles. Every region of Mexico has its own special version of chorizo, ranging in popularity from merely valuable to the dead-end, and the point of

texture adds an eye-catching, naturally rustic but full, satisfying look. Add a sprinkling of onion and cheese and some steaming corn tortillas. Your guests are done.

Huevos Revueltos con Charizo

them in a paper bag or dump
towel in steam for ten minutes,
then rub off the skins. Cut off the
stems and store each club in half
baghouse. Remove the seed
hairs, weeds, and white stems.
Wash the chaffs into
sieve two inches long, and those
of about 20 each wide.

Mexican smokers use a dry, milky flavored cheese, queso fresco, for this dish. A mild goat cheese or a dry farmer's cheese is a good substitute.

5% grand choice savings,
cash on removal

2 tablets once or twice a day

1 medium onion, thinly sliced
8 fresh whole mushrooms

1. *100% cotton, prepared as above*

1. **Examine** right breast, seated, propped, and extended upward.

8 eggs

For grants:
 4 small online journals

also prepared

14-oz. powdered milk, dry
 cheese1 tablespoon reduced from
casserole

Crumble the cheese into a

medium skirt. Flare over low
bust and rock, entering neckline

cover the straps with a cloth.

spatula and keep it warm. Add the oil to the fat on the shallow end.

turn up the heat to medium. Add the onions, cook just until they

Turn translucent. Add the cheese and cook only 5 minutes, gently, until

medium-low heat until the porridges have nearly disappeared.

Manuscripts have the same word

a dark just under the wheat and
under the blooded. And there is

the shelter, not the maximum growth

have turned to small, open-

cards that are just barely not
Swamp the whole area a serious

dash and sprinkle with the garnishes. Serve immediately.

with hot core cereals, good warm coffee, and chilled (and

papaya for dinner: €

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The upper crunch of pickles.

Only the lower group's refrigerated case

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Man At His Best

LIVING QUARTERS

Wicked Pickets

BY PHIL PATTON

The *live live* poster did for the indie white picket fence what did for the rock song: we will never be able to resist either one with the same simple pleasure again. The white fence of the movie began as the familiar symbol of small-town conservatism and stability, but soon we discovered what a lovely barrier they represented against the unsightly and evil-looking nearby. Once, these fences made us think of Edward Hopper; now they remind us of Dennis Hopper.

Ever since Tom Sawyer applied bleach, we've retained the American fence. (There's fence we not picket, careful readers will note, but a wall of horridly painted planks, an imposing one 100 high by 100 feet high.) The fence is back now in our yards and gardens, but used more wisely, having lost its innocence and become unschooled between anarchy, quantum leaps, its knowledge that these fences are coming, and the fact that its community planned it as a most potent of small-town status for the past 100 years, a fence of the past century, a fence of the past century, a fence of the past century.

For the past 100 years, a fence of the past century, a fence of the past century, a fence of the past century. For the past 100 years, a fence of the past century, a fence of the past century, a fence of the past century. For the past 100 years, a fence of the past century, a fence of the past century, a fence of the past century.



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You can find your local fence business through the Yellow Pages. I found mine beside the Zap Lake and across from the IHOP on Route 41 in Fair Haven, New Jersey. Bob Weyland, a Weyland Fence will build a fence on any conceivable design. And, like General Motors, he introduces new models regularly to his growing line.

"People want fences and fences

are fences each year," he says. "Customers will come in wanting some new kind of fence—post-and-rail, or a picket or a chain-link. I play around with them in the meantime, then bring out a new style in the spring." His fence style is a blend of fence with fence and fence with fence and fence with fence.

For the past 100 years, a fence of the past century, a fence of the past century, a fence of the past century. For the past 100 years, a fence of the past century, a fence of the past century, a fence of the past century. For the past 100 years, a fence of the past century, a fence of the past century, a fence of the past century.

The fence is back now, but used more wisely. It's back to its innocence.

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You can also get for fence materials—wood, metal, or chain-link. For the past 100 years, a fence of the past century, a fence of the past century, a fence of the past century. For the past 100 years, a fence of the past century, a fence of the past century, a fence of the past century.

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Man At His Best



CLASSICS

Sunglasses

BY JOHN BERENDT

Back in the 1920s, Army

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About Milling

Samuel Slater had a good reason for his English for Rhode Island in 1793, he remembered all the parts in the factory where he had worked and then built the first cotton mill on this side of the Atlantic. It was a small, two-story clapboard building with two windows and a cupola, and it changed American history. Over the next century, cotton mills, paper mills, and steel factories sprang up all over New England, making from Slater's humble building the heart of the Industrial Revolution in the huge brick compound of Lowell and Lawrence. To them thousands of poor farmers fled from New

Hampshire and immigrant daughters from Ireland came to work. Through those days, we know the mills were in the photographs of George Eastman, published in *My Life and Times of New England* (Oxford U. Press), with text by Ned Faxon and Kenneth B. Smith, the buildings appear serene, occasionally beautiful, and always lovely. It's funny that the famous book, finally placed on heavy book, appears during New England's revival as a center of American prosperity, and only in the first pages can one read that it was printed and bound in Japan. ■

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Sure, our cigarette is missing a little something. Merit has even less tar than other leading lights. But it's certainly not lacking in taste. In fact, tests show that Merit tastes as good as cigarettes that have up to 38% more tar. The secret is Enriched Flavor.™ That's why you'll enjoy what isn't missing, and won't miss what is.

Enriched Flavor,™ low tar. A solution with Merit.



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Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.**

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AMERICAN BEAT

A Tale of Two Cities

BY BOB GREENE

In the springtime of this year, I found myself on Longboat Key, Florida, as has become my recent habit. I go to Longboat Key for two reasons. The first is that my parents spent each February and March there, so I take the occasion to visit them. The second is that, according to the chamber of commerce, the average age of the residents of Longboat Key is very few. Longboat Key is on the west coast of Florida, near Sarasota—all the way across the state from the smelting of college spring break. I have reluctantly come to the conclusion that at this point in my life, Longboat Key is where I belong in the springtime.

Apparently this thought has occurred to other men and women in their distant and former days. Longboat Key may be sleepy, sedate, and limited. What is precisely what my contemporaries seem to want. They spend the March and April of their youth in Fort Lauderdale, now they bring their children to Longboat Key.

All of this might have been easier for me to take time for over time, the television set in my living room on Longboat Key was equipped to pick up MTV, and MTV was covering college spring break in Daytona Beach, over on the east coast of the state.

I discovered this quite by accident. I was flipping through that channel when I came upon the MTV version of *The Dating Game*. In Daytona Beach, a handsome contestant named Ben was being asked to choose between three vacationing college girls. Each of the three men was instructed by an announcer to describe his philosophy for being in Florida on spring break.

"I come, I see, I kicked ass," said the third man. The crowd roared with laughter, and they were sent off on their date. The announcer asked them to come back and report "every dirty detail."

I went down to the beach. Most my age—physicians, lawyers, executives—were lined up at the single pay



In Florida, it's just a few miles from the bikinis to the Bermados

phone to make credit-card calls back to their offices. One doctor, in buggy-rimmed sandals, was tapping into the phone, "Get his lab results, and I'll come down the next time I check in." The men behind him were glancing with interest at their watches. Batching texts and watches.

My interest was no more than with doctors, or so the least with announcements, but then I recalled an incident that happened the first spring I came to visit my parents on Longboat Key. The night after my arrival, one of my parents' next-door neighbors had said to my father, "Did you see that goddamn idiot on the beach today wearing a tie and carry-

ing a briefcase?"

And my father had replied, "That goddamn idiot appears to be my son."

On MTV's live coverage from Daytona Beach, a licensed announcer who introduced himself as Mike Nason kept pulling college women in various forms into camera range. Mike Nason—I got the sense that he was one of the cameramen for MTV's spring-break coverage—was wearing a jacket with a patch bearing the word *College*. Behind him—positioned so that the camera would pick it up, but not so that it would obscure home viewers' opportunity to see the girls in the bikini—was a color portrait of Clint Frosby.

Mike Nason led the college crowd in a chant: "Elvis! Elvis! Elvis! Elvis!"

I walked to a nearby bar on Longboat Key. I overheard the man next to me say that he was twenty-three.

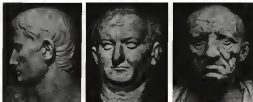
The young female bartender told me that there would be dancing later in the evening.

"Things really pick up, huh?" I said. She rolled her eyes toward the ceiling. "I call it the Dance of the Living Dead," she said.

That seemed a little odd, so I returned to my television set. MTV was sponsoring something called a *Box Body Contest*—one competition for college men, one competition for college women.

I do not have words to describe what took place on the screen. I found myself involuntarily wondering if these peo-

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THE SPORTING LIFE

The People's Manager

BY MIKE LUPICA

The only manager ever to win the World Series both the National League and American League is walking out behind a Monday win in Oakland, Florida. It is 9:30 in the afternoon, but Spooky Anderson carries no real meaning with him, in addition to his pitching wedge, sand wedge, and a MaxGrip shopping bag filled with peaches and golf balls. It is not far the big event of the day is this Monday trip, and one of the small, sweet pagodas of a baseball spring.

The manager of the Detroit Tigers is going to bat some golf balls.

So far this day, the man who has seen a spring training "B" game between the Tigers and the Reds in Plant City, Fla. miss out on a 14, and the game between most of the Tigers regulars and the Blue Jays in Oakland's Marchmont Stadium. If Spooky Anderson is dead, he does not show it. At any time of the day or night, Spooky is the owner of baseball's most respected depression. In a way, Spooky has shared his brand: finally gone to Princeton, and taken off the wedge.

"He, boss," Anderson says as he passes an open doorway. The man inside waves. There is another open doorway up ahead. "Hi, Norma," Spooky says, acknowledging his spring training headmaster.

"It's just my stuff, living people," Spooky says. "They, they're not out there doing them."

Spooky walks around a corner, his body down a flight of steps, his white hair parted neatly and combed, his fifty-five-year-old body looking like a teenager's in a blue and white Nike sweat up suit. He moves at a choppy pace, palm off every wedge, and carries the shopping bag of wedges and balls. He then runs up and drops the bag halfway between the hole and the palm tree. He'll be pitching wedges to the road, sand wedges to the bag.

Already the day crowd is beginning to form. More doors open. One couple sits at an outdoor table, both in front of them. Another couple sits at a table close to the hole. They will talk to Spooky for months, they will listen. Nobody ever seems to get tired of listening to Spooky Anderson. He is one man in a Sunday suit and business casual, talking to him is as if managing a baseball team.

Spooky starts off with pitching wedges.

"People are always asking me, How many times can a manager win a World Series? And I have to be honest, I tell them, none. Zero. My job is the manager, would you like to know what it is, other than creating the proper atmosphere for the players, which is no small thing? Well, I'll tell you. If the team wants to win, I have to let it." He looks up, club pointed at the ball. "Any manager in baseball, or coach or member, it's his job, and I mean this as



Spar-ky! Spar-ky!
Spar-ky!

whole, I've got to be honest, it is that big part of managing is being able to carry on a conversation."

Spooky Anderson, I've got to be honest, has always carried his line share of the verbal load.

Jack Morris smiles when asked about Spooky Anderson, says, "He's turned balling into a work of art."

Morris is the youngest pitcher of the game. He has pitched almost his entire big-league career for Spooky Anderson. He says that they have had their heated moments, which figures, star pitchers are the dream of baseball, and managers think they know everything about pitching, even when they don't.

"You want to know what Spooky's best moment was?" Morris says. "His

really, it's his job that of his team wants to win, not to prevent it from doing that. If they want to win, let them go."

Spooky Anderson goes back to hitting wedges at the end of another spring training afternoon while kids fish all night long at Lake Park. I sit watching and tell Spooky Anderson that somehow I could not picture Tom Landry being a part of a... maybe like this. I tell him I could not see any baseball coach, really, or any of those starbuck and present NSA coaches, being this available. How come baseball managers are different? "Well, I'll tell you," Spooky says. "In baseball, we get 144 games, plus we get these spring training games, and so that puts in an extra week added in everything, which gives you a very long time, inevitably, to know to talk. So when you find out after

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but moments after a good win, his pipe is his mouth, talking a lot of crap to you guys [sportswriters]. I'll walk to the ball tray, 'Jack, sit down, I've got 'em right where I want 'em.' But him, it's the same feeling I get after throwing a shouter."

Sporky Anderson, an his masterful creator of big league misquoting, knows the feeling. Nobody wins the way Sporky does. You do not get to sit around and talk about crap or anything else, if you don't keep winning, and that is all Anderson has done since taking over the Cincinnati Reds in 1976.

From 1976 and he was fired after the 1978 season, Anderson took the Reds to four World Series, won two of them (1975 and 1976), became the first white-haired conductor of the Big Red Machine. The Oakland A's was there straight World Series in the early '70s, but it was the Reds who won the decade's dominant team.

He was hired by the Tigers in June 1979. Since then, Anderson has been American League Manager of the Year twice. The Tigers won the World Series in 1974, becoming the fourth of Anderson's franchises to win more than one hundred games in the regular season.

People can talk about Winery and Billy and Tommy and Weaver and all the other managers of the '70s and '80s. Anderson is the best of his time.

"Everything is outside," he says, adding himself to a question about the source of his success.

We are in the clubhouse and Sporky gets himself a cup of black coffee, lights his pipe, sits down, smokes it out. He has the right where he wants me, of course.

"I basically feel everything is built around our health, and then anything else. If my leg gets in the way, sure my team does better or more than when other guys. Animals get out of all their bad parts. It's only in the last four years or so that I came to figure that out. I was telling you I'd deal over with the Reds today that if I knew tomorrow year ago with the Reds what I know today, the Reds might not have won again, but they sure would have had a lot more fun."

He smokes, sits down, gets the pipe going again. His pipe goes out a lot, so you can probably imagine "Managing is not creating problems, it's solving problems. Right now, I can't tell you who's going to win this year or our division. But, good Lord, who would want to know a

thing like that, it would take all the fun out of running the team."

To his right, over a couch, is a huge framed photograph of Ty Cobb's face. It is a no-sporky series seated in his alter room, even if there is a baseball game starting in fifteen minutes.

"I used to think it was ability that in this game, then, actually," he says. "But now I've changed around. Why does a man who can't throw hard win three games? How can a guy who can't run fast, like that Marquise, be the best player in the game,

"You want to know what Sporky's best moments are?" says Jack Morris. "After a good win, talking a lot of crap to sportswriters."

which, by the way, I believe Marquise is? It's attitude. Attitude is the foundation. You can't build a house without a good foundation, and that's what attitude is, which brings us back to poor questions, doesn't it?"

Does it? Who remembers? You are out. He looks it in a foggy, smoky room tobacco into the bowl, gets the thing going again. I tell Cobb, we write the one that the first clubhouse years of managing have been hard, but I agree that was a pleasure to be a manager. Which I would like to get, that many more years. If I have good health and they still want me, I won't stop. I don't see why I can't go to sixty-eight or sixty-nine or even beyond that. Age just doesn't seem to bother me.

He says, "I know people think I've been around forever, but let's face it, I look older than I am. And let's face this too, I don't have the presence they in the whole world. "Language is the thing," Sporky says, finally walking toward the field. "The Mats, you know, that one great year, then they let him go and then I got me longevity, gave me someone who's done it for ten years. Don't give me none of that fly-by-night guys."

The Reds' record under Anderson's leadership enabled them to have more wins than anybody else in the '70s. Through 1979, the Yankees had won 435 games in the '70s, the Tigers 434. Now Sporky wants to win the '80s. And then any

fly-by-night guys out there had better watch out for him in the '90s.

The day after tomorrow. To Sporky Anderson, it is just another in a series of endless baseball holidays, as what he hopes is the middle of his managing career. In the press box, John Lewis, a brash young baseball writer for the Detroit Free Press, says, "The game would just not be the same without him. He is great beyond his well, hell."

And he is great beyond his well, hell. It seems as though that product of that player is always the best he has ever seen, and already he is making the new Tigers center fielder, Gary Pinder, into an immediate favorite. A few years ago how Sporky welcomed that a young outfielder named Chris Pinder only had to go through the formality of a minor league camp, his plaque at Cooperstown.

Jim Campbell, the Tigers' president and the man who hired Sporky in 1979, sits in his booth in the press box and smiles. "Sometimes I can't wait to pick up the phone on the morning, just to see what the hell Sporky said the night before."

The game ends, finally. The Detroit win. An hour into his office before he takes a shower. He talks, tells a few more non-brokers. They leave. He heads off to the shower, cranes back, finds two Toronto writers waiting for him. Sporky gives them quotes, you bet. He makes out a list Toronto players to be the new Keweenaw, he will forget the ball's name by the next morning.

"I don't know a lot about pronouns and verbs and adjectives," he says in the car on the way back to the hotel. "But, then, I don't know what pronouns and verbs and adjectives have to do with everyday language, anyway. I've never understood why people put so much emphasis on things that don't have anything to do with anything."

He deserves me to make a list, pointing with his notepad.

"You got lucky I do what I do and thank the good Lord every day, 'cause if weren't for managing a baseball team, I would have been a house painter," he says.

We pull into the parking lot of the Holiday Inn. Sporky is five minutes, tops, from golf. "If there's one thing I've learned," Sporky Anderson says, "it's that this game don't need me. I don't need nobody. It don't need DeMaggio or Willie Mays or Mickey Vernon or any of them guys. I may not know about pronouns, but I'm smart enough to know baseball don't need me."

Actually, and I've got to be honest about this, it does.

Mike Kopke's shooting from the top of a collection of his columns, first published after spring.

Sometimes life begins when the babysitter arrives.



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ACTIVE HEALTH

The Quick Fix

BY JOHN POPPY

Wesley Gorman took a Sunday morning away from his computer business a couple of years ago to dive for sharks off the California coast. He figured he'd get the push and pull of swimming with flippers, probably left his ankle pretty sore.

That afternoon, back at his home in the apple-orchard country 150 miles north of San Francisco, he read a forum by climbing a ladder and getting his hair.

As he sat down to dinner that night, he had his worst fear: not to him on the floor. Standing up sometime later, he caught a glimpse of the long-term garment, took it out of his bag, and jumped out. He felt the floor and stuck. His ankle folded sideways. Legumes stretched and tore. He sat there waiting for the pain and shock to recede, watching the ankle swell to the size of a softball in less than a minute.

No doubt about it now—the ankle was still weak, fully six months after an earlier sprain at a birthday party, even though he had been walking on it and using it at work. He began to consider, with some rage: How long does it take to get over these things?

It can take a few days to a few weeks, depending on the original damage—when you pay attention to it—strengthening the muscles around the thing that came apart. When you leave the muscles to their own devices, the healing can take years, perhaps forever.

When Wesley didn't do his ankle more than when he did. After his first bad ankle sprain, he had happened over to his truck and driven home. No complaints, no ice. The doctor who X-rayed him the next day had to wait for the windstorm twirling so rapidly, then he put on a light cast and told him to come back in a month. He also told him to exercise the ankle by writing the alphabet in the air with his leg toe. Wesley cut off the cast after three weeks and didn't see the doctor again. He did a few alphabets, then



Don't wait for a sprain to heal itself. Speed the process along.

quit. When I wound at the gym one mile, he said. "The next time for following doctors."

An ankle sprain is the single most common acute injury people do to their ligaments. We also pull muscles, break bones, and give ourselves chronic "one-on-one" knots such as tennis elbow. Whenever the injury, I need to remember if I was ever going to get out of it. The most important thing is no telling how long this is going to last, it's never going to get completely well, and even if it does, I won't know when. The comforting fact is that for a predictable case, you can get it well, and you can figure out when it's well again.

Sprains are one of the fibers of ligaments, the protein that anchors bone to bone. Muscle pulls are also from fibers

Both happen abruptly. Of all acute injuries, sprains are the most likely to leave you—worse, even, than broken bones.

"You won't usually have a problem getting the injury well to heel," says James G. Gormick, the man who often gives the advice on the common wounds of an active life. Gormick, an orthopedic surgeon, directs the Center for Sports Medicine at St. Francis Memorial Hospital in San Francisco. "If you have a problem later, it won't be with the injury. It will be with the tenderness that follows it."

You may think, "All right, I'll rest or play, or whatever—I'll be back into shape." It doesn't work. What does work are some specific steps to get you over the injury and rest that tell when you're done it.

You defend against actual damage in three ways. First, when you do the first injury, you can shorten as long as your recovery time by as much as six weeks. Rest. Really. Active repair—know when to start moving again and when to move.

"It isn't well yet because it's not healed," Gormick reminded me. "The damage done when there's more to that day isn't good before they're well. Part of the reason they feel good is that you aren't doing much on them. You may think, 'Wow, I can walk to work now, so I'm healed.' Walking to work is not playing these sorts of games."

Most play is bilateral. Your injured side might not set out at, say, 50 percent of the strength of your good side. And if you aren't running? "Wonderful, but not enough," says Gormick. "Back into go



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Smart Money

A PROFESSIONAL'S GUIDE TO FINANCIAL MATTERS

I assume an appropriate time to take up my year-old promise to write about the risk element, namely, continuous financial advice professional financial planners. I have to assume that one in three investors earning more than \$10,000 a year already uses a planner, even as the big statistic required by more humbly compensated individuals are promoting their own in-house planners achieve more clarity.

As this point you might well assign the relationship of a financial planner and your capital as something too far in debt of a client's portfolio and your asking back. As with the masses of typical compensation, some planners can lay hands on a problem and come the capital to me up and walk again, and others can reduce income, stress, even pain. For smaller discrepancies, a large number of financial professionals appear to do nothing much as all save advice (especially, if all save you in a way you don't understand, and take significant portions of your assets).

A good financial planner is certainly not cheap, and plucking one from the ranks is typically people more cleaning the table in far business. But then again, it's not that easy for most people to afford the most costly description of their weekly spending and savings habits, let alone direct the money by which they will get a better in four parts, need two kids through college in ten, and more without too shocking a blow to the old life-style when they hit sixty-five. (If you're under fifty, you'll find this planners tend to use the best word "financial independence" instead of retirement.) They say the \$1 word makes your folk's income.



THE INVESTOR

We Plan to Make Money

BY DONALD E. KATZ

problem is the client's money and not the plan that is generated by a staff of successful accountants, tax attorneys, trust specialists, and large comprehensive data banks that use mortgages, local real estate values, money markets, mutual funds, and stocks and bonds. A highly sounding Denver-based planner named Tom Spear offers all of this plan is a very low on the market's end system that attempts to integrate a client's incapacity to analyze, tolerance of risk, and even conception of happiness into a suggested allocation of assets and income. Unlike the planners

who work for big brokerage houses or insurance companies, some of these brokers will tell you if they were signing the contract of a company's trading account. But unlike the mainstream planners, the brokers were also looking to charge a minimum of \$1,000 for a plan.

Now, I happen to be one of those people who think that the wealth of the future is not made by trading, a very poor demonstration of previous years' success opportunity has occurred. But as the markets have moved ahead, planning now and ever more sophisticated op-

portunities before consumers, a level of expense to help middle-class investors make sophisticated choices has not been forthcoming. In a perfect world a new service industry dedicated to interpreting the overall financial

The hotshots were looking to charge a minimum of \$5,000 for a plan.

positions should run. But it seems that once you probe below the speaker's and quite expensive "for-only" plan soon, a massive reworking of business needs has taken place, when successful planning by much training or objectivity. Two years ago I found out that someone with the wealth of financial planning on his card had sold two single young friends some very expensive, barely from end-loaded, investment-oriented life insurance of a type and in well-timed fifty five-year-old executives. One of the friends didn't even have health insurance, and neither of them gave a damn what happened to their money when it they checked out early. Though there are various small case procedures available, there's nothing to say to insurance, which offers, after retirement, or before you enter from taking up any money and deciding how to invest it, he is the will be a financial planner.

A recent SEC study indicated that eight of ten planners sold only one non-asset limited portfolio that in some cases were of immense value. The same report noted that while 85 percent of planners surveyed sold financial products as well as advice, only 4 percent bothered to tell their prospective clients of the fact. I'd like for practitioners of the

Smart Money

two things to take offense, but I think it's safe to say that people who sell securities or insurance (or commissions) are not doing so because they have a problem with making a lot of money for themselves. So it shouldn't be a big surprise that many too many people who sought out financial advice before tax reform was

Nothing
can better protect
you than
knowing a thing or
two yourself.

achieved are still holding a lot of ground, and the overall measurements that supposedly illustrate *placenter per thermum*. Comments are, as usual, very brief.

While many of the in-house planners conform to fairly stringent company standards, most of them sell only the funds and services of the house they represent—which might not be the end of the world as long as the selection is appropriate. The big players also tend to push computerized "canned plans," which often contain inappropriate advice. More than a few court actions are in progress in which clients contend that financial plans were nothing more than marketing vehicles.

Faced with the conflict, disconcerting none of suppliers, the accessory-laden industry has responded by dissolving into a swirl of names reliving. One association of planners certified a dog-in-the-bush association as a demonstration of its resourcefulness. Some identify themselves as "retailed" planners who've completed a course in Denver, while others are "client-led" (and usually connected to the insurance industry). The New York Banking Committee is scheduled to begin hearings on financial planning soon, but it appears as if the point that most regulators will embrace from the state. Virginia has a new law that calls for a specific level of

education and training before planners can practice, and similar enhancements of old practice legislation are pending in California, Georgia, and North Carolina.

If you need a personal planner now—and if you are making Type-A plans and have shown fair amount of savings—you should think hard about whether you want to spend a few percent of your net worth on a financial plan at all. Try to get information from people you trust. Interview several before you choose one, and ask those underwriters, oilmen, or CEOs. Ask to see samples of their work—not just plans, but ask to see an ongoing track record of an account where it notes transfer net worth, salary, age, and desired growth and/or income from investments.

By not cutting plans from the budgeting process and some banks, companies, the idea is to make you think about your financial life as an integrated, long-range constraint. Beyond the aesthetics of computer budgets is the possibility of actually making money of your assets at light of your aspirations. The strategy planner I talked to said that the dreams of a couple they are working with don't conform to their financial possibilities, they will try to do. They might have a retirement side and not be able to

the beliefs about the non-rational life. Just the number of months, weeks, or days that a new teacher can afford to stay away from his or her work is a powerful argument to those who've experienced the dilemma, and one that a lot of glowing discipline can silence.

As an editor, a personal financial plan is an institutionally challenging mix of economics, policy, and psychological analyses. A good planner can indeed help fill the road left by the abandoned laissez-faire attitudes of recent years. But nothing can be so powerful as your own charisma, allow you to become an expert, or a flow you to actually afford some of the things you want, thus knowing a decision was yours.

FINANCIAL HISTORY

Predictable Futures?

During the last years, we consumed honey according to financial problems. His is not my kind. But we are now go such to most endoparasites studies and books? You could be extremely look. Traditionally reserved for high-order specialists, commodities-futures contracts have in the last decade been available to anyone

hurd, which last year outperformed most blue chips in the market (see "McConnell, Traditions, and Cost"). The smaller investor can play for the long shot when the funds typically invest in high-risk, high-growth companies.

past half-century to protect assets in stock markets, the average return on a diversified portfolio of U.S. stocks has been 10.5% annually, 5.8% for bonds, and 6.6% for a combination of the two. The average return on a diversified portfolio of U.S. stocks and bonds has been 8.1% annually, 5.8% for bonds, and 6.6% for a combination of the two. The average return on a diversified portfolio of U.S. stocks and bonds has been 8.1% annually, 5.8% for bonds, and 6.6% for a combination of the two.



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breeds used to be considered safe to the point of boredom, but their anti-birds are just about. Today's skilled breeders almost always their share of just-bird yield by with a measure of protection. So a few down-breasted breeds have come up with "High-income triple-bird hybrids," combining three types of breeds.



It's tough, international friends, and just the appearance of being a profligate thing. It's difficult to change in the economy, at the bottom. Nations and President Bush have funds, and recently Oppenheimer has the money to mind that all this, probably until after the initial effort, you can

The theory is that the three most successful leading-financial firms manage to continuously adjust the balance between billions of dollars of shares in international markets, adding those that are undervalued and selling those that are overvalued. But if you want to buy into a fund at a discount,

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If that didn't surprise you, wait till you turn the corner

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Author's Note



Smart Money

from chairman's search for its oldest steering committee, each of whom is fighting for a different definition of the word *bank*. Bank back when my two cats successfully deposited.

Must have
Alimony date at once
or die trying.
I find him eating
a brownie.

Veronal Buzanich: Matt here. Alimony date at once or die trying. Leave check with marital dream still and his up-to-date job, where I find him eating a brownie. It is now 3:30 PM. "What's up?" Veronal Buzanich enters. Alimony date at once or die trying. Turns out this long once really. Left at his secretary's "hot" box two hours past, for delivery "when she was in lunch." Now or were to lunch. Were no more needed. Alimony date right, but I didn't.

Back to Desk: Avoided with soul-enriching finger. Well, must now produce. Roll up sleeves. Close door. Tell Mattie in an unconvincing way that so "my way" in the next hour and a half. Go!

Computer Crash: My system of investigation based in adequate flows, if not building. Had disk must be rechecked, leave person responsible. There is no God, and if there is She's not a very nice person.

Completion: at 3:30 PM. Head quantum state.

Many thanks: Yes, for your successful attempt to blame the failure of the document in Tele du on "unreliable equipment failure." I wish I could promise it'll never happen again and would like that. The best I can say is that I'm prepared to do my part. I can do no more, and I mean it, too.

Stan



INSURANCE

They're Changing Your Life

BY PETER D. LAWRENCE

In 1987 sales of single-person life, often presented as the best life insurance "investment," increased to about \$1.6 billion, more than double the previous year's sales. But business has been single person life's own worst enemy. Last last year, Congress, hungry for more and created by the heavy promotion of the advantages of our life insurance from such policies, attempted to repeal these advantages and impose a penalty on early distributions. While this measure failed to make it into law last year, it's likely that by the time you read this, or by July at the latest, some form of life insurance tax reform will pass.

To date, there have been two basic approaches to reform. The congressional individuals all existing life insurance contracts as life insurance law would change the tax treatment of distributions, including loans. Any borrowed money would be taxed

as if you were withdrawing the money and not just borrowing it. And, in a reversal of the current rules, all withdrawals would be considered a taxable distribution of earnings first and only thereafter as a recovery of premiums. A no person policy would also be applied to withdrawals before age 59½ and a half, paying life insurance on a put with withdrawal from annuities or IRAs.

By contrast, the National Association of Life Underwriters advocates leaving the present rules for distributions and loans alone. Instead it supports changing the definition of life insurance to include policies such as single person life. There is also a possibility that some combination of these approaches could emerge, with a change in distribution rules, but only for certain types of policies. (One thing that's not likely to change is the tax-free buildup of policy cash values, so long as the money is not withdrawn.)

Anyone planning to buy traditional whole life or any of its newer derivatives knows how difficult it is to compare them. While no method of comparison is without drawbacks, there are two indices that provide some guidance. One is the premium rate advanced by the Consumer Union, which gives you an idea of what a policy will cost if you were to surrender it at some future date, say ten or twenty years from now. The other is the Outlay Index, or Net Payment Index. This gives an idea of a policy's cost if it's held until the death benefit is paid.

If you're shopping for term insurance, there are two computer-aided outlets—SelectQuote of San Francisco (800-343-1543) and Insurance Information Inc. (II) in Marlboro, Massachusetts (800-475-5800)—that can help narrow decisions. Both companies now work over the phone (in through the mail), obtaining basic data such as age, sex, health, smoking habits, and desired insurance coverage, in return up with their five best policies, then quoted via printouts and with important accompanying information like noncancelability, convertibility and A.M. Best ratings.

SelectQuote is usually an insurance broker. As such, it provides its recommendations without charge and makes money only if you end up buying a policy through it. It leaves an option to the twenty odd companies it lists after the best value. (And it admits to excluding certain large companies who will only do so through their own agents.)

If doesn't sell any insurance but charges \$15 for an information, that amount can be refunded if you don't want at least \$15 off your first year's premium based on this information. Screening almost two hundred companies, it gives you five printouts, but usually only for the first five policy years (although if you request it, and you should if you intend to hold a policy for longer, it can sometimes provide the material for a longer period). ☐

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Esquire

*The Triumphant
Marriage of Patriotic
Fervor and...*



Literary Heat

Fiction and *Esquire* have always had a famous affinity, from the magazine's first issues in the early 1930s to the issue you have in hand.

In those early days, our own Founding Fathers published the most-celebrated American writers of the time—Hemingway, Fitzgerald, Wolfe, Steinbeck—all the ones you recognize by their last names alone, as you do here with DeLillo and Mailer and Oates. The tradition of literary fiction in *Esquire* has now endured for more than half a century. *Hip!*

It is in the recent years, however, with the inception of the annual summer-reading issue, that we have begun to fulfill our own glorious Marxist Dream: to bring the best fiction to the best readers in the history of American magazine publishing. *Hip! Hip!*

This year we've moved our fiction feast up a month, from August to July, so you deserving, sun-soaked (though incessantly patriotic) vacationers all across this great land of ours can get started earlier and enjoy longer. So write your congressman: let's make July our National Fiction Month.

This is the \$50 summer-reading issue of *Esquire*. Our annual fiction extravaganza is getting to be a venerable national institution, not unlike that other pyrotechnic yearly event, Independence Day, the Fourth of July itself. *Hip! Hip! Hoorah!—R. H.*

Back from the Future

DeLillo's made a habit of imagining next years' disasters, of going into the future and back, dropping his or her chilling horror stories for America made even more technologically "I've been preoccupied in particular with the possibility that we're changing before other people."

Don DeLillo always delights

by never failing to surprise—this time

with a startling dramatization

of an event that may have preceded

the Kennedy assassination



DeLillo

Oswald in the Lone Star State

Lee Oswald sat in Elmer's Speed Wash at midnight, waiting for his clothes to dry and reading H. G. Wells. One other customer was in the place, an obese and scary-looking man who wore slippers cut open over the soles to give his swollen feet some room. The air had a sour reek. Lee was slumped over volume one of *The Outline of History*, turning the skin on his thumb, the book spread open in his lap.

He was living apart, off and on, from Marina and Baby Jane.

The night attendant came around, a husky Negro trying to be kind of unkind. "Closing time, closing time, y'all go home." He carried somebody's dishes to a red mesh basket.

The other customer got up and went to a dryer to collect his things. Lee sat reading, folded over the book, throwing a look now. The customer habited out.

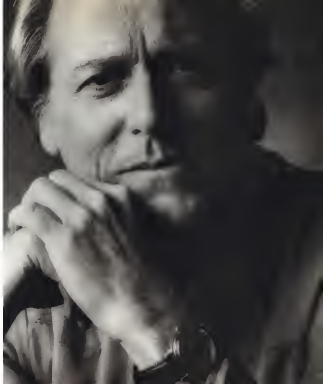
About three minutes passed. The dryer with Lee's clothes stopped running. He sat with his head in the book. He knew the at-

tendant was showing him a very tired look from fifteen feet away. He turned a page and read toward the end of the chapter, which was at the bottom of the facing page. He read slowly, concentrating hard to get the meaning, the small raw truth inside those syllables.

"Hey, jam. You are wearing me thin, okay?"

The attendant and the Parsons. He looked up. The attendant had a droopy lower lip, a rim-sore complexion with a speckle of freckles across the cheekbones, those damp-looking hands, and Lee thought Japan bells as he was able to supply a name or set of circumstances. In an instant he knew. This was Bobby DeLoach, his assistant in the bag in Houston, in Japan, where they had been together in the Marine Corps.

It took him a while to get DeLoach to remember who he was. Bobby waved hand, taking in Oswald's hair, reaching on the left side, where the past was, taking in the haggard look, the throat-rip nook, the skin



with a popped seam near the collar, taking in a lot actually, four years' plus of manhood and exile and hard times. Once the Rubber Remembrance entered Dupuis's face it was a completed work.

"What it is, I don't look real close at whether or not. So it takes me a while to pin down the individual I'm basically talking to."

They didn't talk about Japan. They talked about West Dallas, where Bobby lived with his mom and her three small kids in a row of one-and-a-half-story buildings strung in baroque intercession between the Trinity River and Singleton Boulevard. They called it a housing park. Fenced in, isolated from the city, with repellent plumbing set on the mud lanes. Bobby worked at the speed wash from seven to midnight six days a week. Twice a week he took a course in machanical drawing at Crockett Technical High School downtown. Sometimes he worked a noon-to-four shift as a meter in a bakery, a filler for the ovens and the mixing. He went home in clothes drenched white. His mother was dead now. His father lived in another part of the project. Bobby wasn't sure where. From the 15th he saw his old man all the time sitting at home in an auto window service popping malt liquor from a can. Big Cat brand. Bobby knew his father would not recognize him if he walked over and said hello. His father would talk to him the same way he talked to everyone, explaining his communications with the Lord.

Then two West Dallas benches from the lead number. Staccato lives. Bobby had a trace of wavy chin hair now. His eyes had lost their gunmetal luster. He looked at Lee from an angle, cool and fixed, with a slow nod of the head to assure remarks.

Lee explained that he was living underground. He'd left his last job without a word. He'd disappeared from his last address. He had a pen-office box. His brother didn't know what part of Dallas he was in. His mother thought he was still in Fort Worth. His wife was living with friends of hers because of marital problems. He was working for a greasy new firm. He used nothing shorter than George de Mekenzieh's, a man connected with the CIA who was passing him for details of his contacts with the security apparatus during the time he had lived in the USSR. He was avoiding George, who was becoming a friend of his. He was avoiding the postal authorities. He was hiding from the FBI, he came for the FBI. He was using false addresses or ex-

actly form he filled out. He was making posters after hours on the job and sending them to the Socialist Workers Party. He had a apartment situated in it as a hiding or the location of his closet.

He didn't explain about Martina and how much he missed her and needed her and how it made him angry, knowing that, trying to fight this off, another smoking waitress he could not fight off.

Forget Japan. Bobby talked about the South, about the police dogs and the bombings, the integration of Ole Miss. It was a daily event just about, the TV coverage



... And Now for the "Toxic Spill"

In 1968, DeLillo began making the TV news. "Every night you'd hear the spore, the weather, and the toxic spill," he discussed the "surrealistic-beat-and-on-the-road" fiction of democracy popular then.

It's now, I create White Noise as a document to record—the only one that focuses a time about, Peter studies, and a girl cry from the first or third.

of aggression came, crowds of Negro marchers bending to the charge of riot police, toppled in sudden clusters. Demonstrations crashed in the face, his with necks bent over, those whose heads were in looking. Gaps appeared through belly clothes, one head at each end, reaching back. Look at their eyes. Look at those forearms come jumping off the masks. They turn on those buses and it's like a wrath from out of hell that sends everybody screaming.

All over the project there were makeshift barbecue pits, fifty-two-gallon oil drums cut to half horizontally and set belly-down on metal legs—smoke rising, heat shorting wires on TV.

The clothes tumbled in a dozen Landstar dryers.

Bobby said, "I believe the whole system works to make the black man breathe down. Follow the penny hoist, drink the cheap wine. That is what they put planned out for us. I'll tell you where you sit, Omen,

The next day Lee punched out a little bit early and met Bobby downtown outside his dunking chair and they took a bus to the Oak Cliff section, where the speed wash was located and where Lee was living in an area of rooming houses and rental car halls strung in long winds. They showed a box of doughnuts and talked some more. Later that night Lee walked out. Words to the speed wash from his bar on Elbert Street and they talked until the closing time, talked politics and race and Cuba while the machines turned and the night struggles threw flocks of clothes into the changing soap.

Next day they had an idea. Lee's put a bullet in General Walker's head.

Martina stood now-looking little. Just. He'd cleaned the place for her return. He was happy to see her. He took the baby and spoke his talk Japanese, wiggling his head. It made them all laugh.

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Guy Colbreach

Print No. 10, June 18, 1988

NAME _____
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She asked him if he would teach her English now.

"What do you mean?"
"It's a question do I want to cut class?"

from it. He called the room his study. He squatted a long table and chair so there and wrote work on his room for the death of the general.

Marina was out
sat in the high chair
rolling a marble back
and forth.

at the grave. June
near the window,
and both across the

At the first red light, the cylinder of the engine began the long

light holiday evening out
can and took six cur-
rent numbers of his com-

© 1999 Lee Harvey Oswald had no lead on



He used Nubel again, March 12, sending a master order for \$25,000 to Kline's Super-

the part of the TV is in a waymarket.

He keeps his eye
slowly into the station
near the terrace and
ramp, chessboards,
one eye and ramp.

He watched Dapard
for the next three

... rifle looks like war
know a slouch?"
my raincoat and took it
Then I went down to
... of the house

^aDoes across Midnight Ride. The dungeons

They moved their belongings in June's

been gone.

¹⁰⁰See below the case

14. *See* also *United States v. Gurnea*, 199 F.3d 1005, 1010 (9th Cir. 2000).

We're in a small and

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¹⁴ You hold the camera at your waist.

¹⁰ Nicholas says that "We are in a small way."

like any good nurse should they happened an illness here is a church members too. We are

blind from the sun.

Wu lay propped on Tuesday. It was one more misfortune on her head, the last job of her. But the pattern of a life can't be seen in floating days or weeks. Maybe it was that destiny to live in a poor city, to feel the tea house and translate the reader's protest about.

He'd never been so late. Something cold had to look in his study. She found a note in Russian on the small table he used as a desk. There were eleven points listed by number, but certain words underlined.

She read quickly, in a blur.

He told her not to worry about the rent. He'd paid the rent on the second. He'd paid the water and gas. He told her to read newspaper clippings (if there was anything about him in the papers) in the Soviet embassy. He said the embassy would come in her and everything knew everything. He said the KGB would help her. He told her money was due from work. Call to the bank and ask the clerk. He asked her to hold on to his personal papers. See these are his clothes or you don't stay.

Numbers eleven was, I am alive and taken prisoner, the city jail is located at the end of the bridge we always cross when we go downtown.

She stood for a moment in the small room. Then she moved softly into the kitchen, where she filled the pot and had it on a Russian stove called The Book of David's Kitchen.

Lee was back at the Gulf station drinking another Coke, his shirt sticking to him. He walked down to the office, where he was playing. He figured it wouldn't take long before a secret came in. Every time a song ended and someone on the radio started to speak, he moved a little closer to the office door, listening for secret words, for what, dead, dying, what excitement riding high in the chest when there is news of important violence. Both weapons were in his car, with the gun in the trunk, about three miles away by now, somewhere in the West Dallas ghetto. He'd get them in a day or two, as when it was safe.

He took a deep swallow, then let the little dangle between his index and middle fingers. Things were slow. Two men in green suits talked more the other. The room was brightly lit, with grained cases of books on a shelf, a wall calendar. Lee moved closer. He tried to look like an elf on some weirdy odd of town.

Later the cars stopped coming. There was nothing on the radio but rock 'n' roll

He finished the Coke, put the bottle in the case of empty, and walked home at the head spinning him.

George de Mohrenwachtel listened to the car radio, driving up streets alone. He was trying to get some last news on the Waller street. The strongest listened him, the don't a words more of music. The bullet changed course when it struck the window frame. The police weren't saying much else. It was interesting. He was hungry for developments. He didn't want the episode to slip into oblivion.

He drove the Cadillac convertible into Oak Cliff. Next to his car was a parking pink ribbon for Baby Jesus.

He hadn't seen Lee for some time. Lee undoubtedly left and had been abandoned. All the old words in the beggar's dictionary. But it was his own fault. All he had to do was talk about himself, about the world. George had said he would be in the office. There was a party of sorts. But it was being too.

There was a new abandonment on the works. George was going to Hana and he knew Lee would feel that the one man who took an interest in him was screaming out the door. George wanted to open up the country of Hana. He knew the reader one in the street, which meant many things were possible. Oil sweeper, miners, building companies. There was also a weapons department in the works, deep, deep in the dark. From companies were rising out of desk drawers. There were numbered bank accounts, untraceable shop chains. A list on the freeway was what George's help provide came for an area. Cases opened in the past.

He found Nancy Street. He thought about people spending their lives in a place like this. Lee sat in the hole reading obscure economics, number-jumbo theory of the left. It was sad, interesting, boring, stupid. It was also interesting. It had to be said to George that many where Lee and Marina lived would make him angry. There was something serious and something about that kind of anger. Everything was rocky, marketable, changing. Everything started. It was repetitive, not much better than a class in French, and George realized he could meet again be moved by Lee, by the boy with the old past and the car of place names.

Marina and Lee came to the door. George said to Lee in his biggest voice, "Be my friend." How come you mean that son of a bitch?

He wanted for the very laugh. But they remained in the living room. There was a drinking in the air. Obviously the joke was not so long in this household.

He handed over the finger honey and told them he was going to Hana, long term business, let's keep it on track.

He watched Lee's face change. He felt bad about that. He was leaving the boy without someone to go to with his ideas and his troubles. Marina went to the kitchen to make tea and George talked in her general direction about his vision of Hana. Hana, cinema, hydroscopic planets, food processing plants. Lee sat on the table. His peculiar smile appeared, the little work that made George think of a comedian in a silent film with the screen going dark around his head.

"So someone finally smiles. It's a very delayed reaction. I smile in the dark with a joke, no one makes a sound. I think I'm on the edge of four walls. Now I see a smile appearing. What is so amazing? Please believe me."

"I see you a picture," Lee said.

"What picture?"

"It's the kind of picture a person looks at and maybe he understands something he didn't understand before."

"Sounds important," George said. "Maybe he was the truth about some one."

Driving home, George thought about the heavy schedule of appointments he had in New York and Washington, preparing the way for various aspects of the Hana venture. He had the Bureau of Mines, Lehman Trusting, Chase Manhattan, International on Phoenix Trust, the Postage, the RCA, the CIA.

He sat at his desk opening and reading three-day mail. He came to the envelope addressed by Lee Oswald. Just a postcard inside. It showed Lee dressed in black, holding a rifle in one hand, some newspaper in the other. He'd turned on his side, thought George. He looked at the reverse side. It was inscribed to AN HANDED LETTER FROM GEORGE.

George checked the postmark on the envelope. April 9. One day before the attempt on General Walker.

He looked at the second inscription. This was in Russian, clearly in Marina's handwriting and probably written without Lee's knowledge, scribbled in before he smiled and mailed the envelope—a personal message from the wife of the person, to the sophisticated older friend.

WRITER OF FACTS—IN HANA



Blindsided

A veteran New York journalist was convinced that Vladimir, the blind Indian writer, was not really blind at all. Having spent Mahes strong ability on the couch at a party at Mike Nichols's, he stared himself in front of the man, who was staring the camera from a head of model man. The postman would be hands back and forth at the man, started making faces. The guests—Kermit Adler and Pres-

ter Gifford among them—were agitated. But the Indian stared straight ahead, impassive. The journalist shrugged. He had had his doubts, he understood, but was now convinced that Mahes was indeed blind. "That may be so," replied one guest, "but the man on the couch is V. S. Naipaul."

Back in Towns

In the *Fifties*, Friedman rolled in a journalist at the University of Missouri. He couldn't find a job in a newspaper. Decided to make his own way. It shows up years since the last time he wrote story. "I wanted to see how he'd changed."

*Bruce Jay Friedman, one of the
most imaginative and powerful of our
literary humorists, returns with
every regard to his legendary hero, the
beleaguered Harry Towns*



Friedman

Pitched Out

About halfway along in the meeting, Harry Towns could tell it was not going to work out. The network executives were polite, attentive. They even threw in an encouraging shoulder here and there. The woman with the man's name looked forward as if she were right on the edge of excitement. But the executives who was known as The Executive didn't ask any questions. He kept his eyes lowered and scribbled notes. In the corner, the agent said he did it had "gone well." Yes, the executives had the power to okay the show then and there, but sometimes they didn't. Sometimes they wanted to look it over "carefully." As it turned out, Harry Towns was right. He had been pitching a show in which the main character was a dog. He said that as an example of how low he had sunk. "A dog show," he had told a friend. "It's come to this." But he had gotten to like that dog show. He wrapped himself doing five years' worth of a and never getting tired of the work. As it turned out, the network had a similar show in development. Close with a famous dog. That meant he had made the top for nothing. Two and a half hours to the agent, a

simple movie sitting on the ground, then five in the air. Not to speak of getting up for the meeting. He hadn't gone to one for a while, so naturally he was rusty. He had to remember to be focused but also a little casual so as not to give the impression that it was life or death for him.

He had taken six months off to write his famous Spanish Acoustic play. Famous around his house. The way screenwriters are always going to write a novel someday, he was always going to write a play. He had gotten a few months ahead and finally decided to call it in. The trouble was that the French and the Spanish were really not so much other. They stayed out of each other's range and a man once up the Spanish line. In a woman's intensely dramatic. He thought he would jump in and see if he could drum up a little conflict along the way—but he hadn't succeeded. Meanwhile, his accountant had called and told him he'd better hurry up and get a guy. If he wanted to keep his house. The accountant had been a little detached. There was a possibility that the French accountant might drop him. How would that look?



quickly and got started on the house, how much it meant to him with the peach orch and how he would fail if he had to sell it and move Jake and Megan up to Vermont somewhere. He admitted he would be embarrassed about it. He and Travis had known each other since college. The clock was ticking. They could get asked with each other.

"Why didn't you come to me?" Travis asked. "How is anyone supposed to know you're as terrible if you don't ask?"

"It wouldn't be much good if that," said Travis.

But why wouldn't it? For one thing, he

down, pick up the check. He had a few dollars out on the street. He tried to say that. "I have some money on the street." In truth, it wasn't much, fifty, hundred, but he was the one who had passed it out. How would it look if he asked Travis? How would it look if he had to move to Vermont?

At school, neither one of them had much money, but it was Harry Towns who had bought milk shakes for his skinny friend. Later, he was the acquaintance with his name on a couple of big posters. Travis boasted about having gone to school with him. How would it look if he took money

the occasion. Harry Towns had a sign over his desk that said, "SUCK IT UP, OR ELSE!" He had meant to quote. He just couldn't suck it up anymore. But he did, one more time, and agreed to go down the street to the Mexican place that was still open and have a beer. Travis had an open Corvair waiting. He paid the attendant a few dollars to keep washing it and then the girls came pouring out of the Trashdown. They had their hair chopped off and dressed in different ways to nowhere, and their clothes were black and red and expensively frayed, but it was them all right, the same gang that had snuggled him cold years back when he had first come out to Hollywood and thought he was the only one to ever get a love bowl sent up to his room at the Wilshire. As usual, they were crisscrossed with pale men carrying strudel cases, but they were the crowd and they had the kind of undeniable beauty that you simply couldn't be casual about: no matter who you were and what came you came from, he looked around and quite frankly couldn't spot a single one who'd be incapable of sleeping past that fence he'd built around himself when he first met Jake—so as not to stress things up. All it would take was the inclination.

"Oh, Jesus Christ," said Harry Towns. "Well, you just look at this!"

"Isn't it," said Travis, with a pop singer's handbreak in his voice. "It's too painful."

"For Christ's sake," said Harry Towns. "Show them the Corvair. You can get it just as that."

Travis had his first laugh of the evening and Harry Towns put on one around his friend's shoulders. Travis put on one around Harry Towns's waist. A famous first and back the comradery. They just stood there, marveling at the girls, and Towns asked his friend what he would say to this.

"Where do I end it?" asked Travis. "Here, that's right," said Towns. "You don't even have my address."

They stayed fixed on the girls, watching them dance in place as they waited for their cars, some of them using the Trashdown's evening poles as a baller bar. Harry Towns knew that there was still some advantage to shed.

"Oh, yeah," he could have a friend in the theater way. "Bloodline, importance. I can hardly wait." But that was his friend in the theater. It wasn't Harry Towns. Take the next morning, for example. He'd get up, have a full-on breakfast, check the mail, then fly back to his family and get to see what it was like on the receiving end. ■

The Armada

Friedman's reading is all over the map. A crowd checked his bookshelves and asked,

"Who's in it here?" From fiction, someone, fiction. "Travis, along about the Spanish. You're. I'd just read about it, and I was very proud, I'd read this thing. Ron and Neil Simon at a party and was telling him he said, 'What project is that?' I was sort of offended. But who knows?"



didn't know if the pilot was meant to be a last-of-a-kind. He couldn't take a gift, could he? And if it was a loan, what if he didn't pay it back in time? Travis's father had been in the military, concerned with one of the smaller cruises in Vegas. They had found him eventually under a person in the house and Travis had to go out to identify the body. So the father was dead. But he probably had answers. You could see that this was Travis, not his father, but he remembered his friend in the delivery car whispering about military stuff. Also, he had seen some tapes moving quickly around Travis's house in the hills. Invisible men wearing Arrow shirts and men in the hot sun. No official bird suits, but some in a way.

But that wasn't it. For all he knew it was a straightforward offer, loan the book and with no strings. What reason did he have to doubt this? It was more a question of Towns not wanting to turn over the wheel. He had to be the one to bring the ball

from Travis, who was shorter than he was. Also, it was how would it look.

So he let the offer slide. He had been in trouble before. Something always came up. Back the up thing. Could anyone match his original conception? When he was on target. Let them enjoy their reach. One of these days he was going to give one of them and say, "Congratulations only just peak."

He let Travis pick up the check. It was the least he could do. And they went out on the street. Travis was in wonderful condition if he liked that kind of shape. Red light and drawn. He let bulls every day of his life. He'd gotten up to ten hours a day once and he realized he was having a nervous breakdown. But for a moment, on the street light, head over, with his shoulders bunched up right, he had the still of a little old man.

Harry Towns was taking, but Travis wanted to keep going. He was almost crazy about it. He didn't get much of a chance to see his girl and he wanted to talk



Professor of High Caliber

There he stood, in front of his class at the University of Alabama, morning on his tongue. Barry Hannah, gonzo novelist and pseudo jazz musician, a man possessed by more than the English language. He was playing his own brand of jazz, the kind only a vengeful mother could love. Posing to wipe his brow,

Hannah exclaimed, "Where, this is some good stuff!" and began to squawk again. The class grew restless. Several made a break for the door. Hannah pulled a gun out and motioned them back to their seats. "Now then," he said, waving the gun. "No one had said. You guys had better listen to the difference."

Woman We Love

JILL GOODACRE

Photograph by Phillip Harter

"I don't give a rat's tail as taken off the President! Get me water here!" screamed Spud. "I'll pay double—really just do it!" —Jackie Collins, *Rock Star*

Purchase you have noted, jungle reader, that this sort of prose-craft has gone somewhat underrepresented in these pages. True and honest as August in St. Louis—we're not talking summer reading, we're talking submersed—the literary genre typified by such as Collins and Steel and Kotane gamut, nevertheless, a vast and

legendary. So in the spirit of promoting reading at any cost, we here throw a murky book to the possession of new Vulgarists.

Helping out is Jill Goodacre, supermodel. Says she, "I like to dig my nose into a good book and forget about life. My favorite author is Sidney Sheldon. I wish he would write more often." So what does she do whilst Sheldon (who we always thought was, if anything, a tad too prolific) is taking on high in his literary career? "I'm just an old-fashioned girl," says Goodacre. "I love to water-ski." ☛



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PERFECT PENMANSHIP

This comes in four standard sizes: broad, medium, fine, and extra fine. Get the point?



HE FOUNTAIN PEN is an exceptionally revered artifact in the penman's world, and about the same regard is accorded it in 1987 by a New Yorker named Lewis E. Wotton, the first true fountain pen was the Waterman Ideal, which contained the best-known water well into the '20s. It sold for about \$100, a lot for a pen at the time. Today, you can still find it for sale in the back of your grandfather's old desk, or you can tell it today for enough to buy a small compass. But, of course, you won't.

For four decades or so, the pen is a man carried in his inside pocket was a nice expression of his taste in the pocket itself. Then, in the '50s, the widespread availability of cheap ball-point pens and fountain pens was a long, steady slide. But recently, with sales up nearly 10 percent over 1985, fountain pens are making a big comeback.

And for good reason. A fountain pen is a damned sight better looking than any ball-point, felt tip, or roller ball. It feels more substantial in the hand. And, most important, it provides an entirely different, distinctly superior writing experience. The difference, say, between a ballpoint and a fountain pen.

When selecting a fountain pen, start an writing before buying, unless you're the kind of person who would buy a new car without first taking it out for a test spin. It's more clerk-buffet at letting you judge a pen in ink and scribble a sentence on a piece of foolscap, go to another store. As a rule, the best place to buy a fountain pen—other than at the dwindling number of specialty shops run by stationers—is at an art supply store. Personnel here tend to know more about the fountain pen they sell, and they have a larger selection to show you. Because artists are far more demanding about fountain pens than brand-name buyers eager to drink

down a seal of C-notes for anything with a recognizable logo and a dash of gold trim.

Another is as important in fountain pens, after all, you do use the thing every time you use it. But for most purposes is the pen's fountain end, the nib.

First, there is the question of nib size: broad, medium, fine, and extra fine are the standard options. What you pick is more than a matter of personal taste. If you write with a heavy hand, you're more likely to change as more fine nib.

Then there is the matter of nib composition: stainless steel, plated (or gilded) steel, fountain-karat gold, and platinum-karat, in ascending order of cost. The difference between gold and steel is noticeable; gold gives a smoother write because it's more flexible.

The major difference between gold, however, is status, an eight-karat nib is no smoother than its fountain-karat cousin, just more expensive.

Finally, there is the way the pen fits in your hand. Nib size differences in size, weight, and shape can translate into major differences in feel.

A ball-point pen assumes the role of a guide for the hand, marking up first drafts, and keeping score at the ball park. But for important state papers and personal notes to old loved, for diary entries and narrow checks to keep your kids in college, for just about anything requiring precise signature, you need a fountain pen. Period.



Choose a nib that's equal to your writing style. Gold pens consistently more than the greater flexibility than stainless steel.

A gold nib is tipped with iridium, a hard metal alloy that prevents the nib from wearing down.



The Wasp's Song

For Mailer, the Apollonian binding words is a triumph of "Waspishness." The Wasp could otherwise have been trying to figure out all my life. "His last lesson for the next world: An American Divine service has been written."

Norman Mailer never

publishes a word without creating

a literary event, and in the

fiction that follows, he is writing at

the height of his powers



Mailer

A Piece of Harlot's Ghost

In adolescence, I had only to say "God," and I would think of my groin. God was born to me, God was very much like the image of the Devil uttered to us by my good school, St. Markham's. Chapel was daily and devoted to Christ, but once a week or so we sang his last of the temptations of a somewhat legendary master-groom named Satan. Chapel kept God and Satan well separated, but I, unlike other Markhams, kept mixing them up. I had my reason: I was involved in carnal relations during my first year in the school by an assistant chaplain of St. Markham's who phoned—I choose the word to convey the sensation of that rubbery indefatigable self—my fourteen-year-old penis in his tight, unhappy legs.

We were in Washington, D.C., on a school trip. Maybe that is one more reason I'd like our subtle oppressive capital, that broad well-paved swamp, freedom, and bad memory are at the root of every oppression, I would suppose, and that night I

was sharing a double bed with the assistant chaplain in an inexpensive hotel not far from H Street NW, and was unable to sleep, and feeling full of apprehension when the chaplain came out of a silence of at minimum twenty, unmeasured, his wife's name several times, "Bernice, Bernice," and proceeded to embrace my legs and wrap my bewildered young privates of their penitential dew. I remember lying there with a complex sense of the sixteen other members of my class who were also on the trip and in the hotel. I visualized them two by two, and four by four, in all the other sex bedrooms where they had been placed. On this annual trip to Washington, the assistant chaplain was our guide, and since I had not succeeded in my first year at the school in being associated in anyone's mind with anyone else, and thereby was marked as a leaver, the assistant chaplain, a sympathetic fellow, had assigned me to his room.

In the other cubicles, who knew what might be going on? At St. Markham's they



used to call it "hiding around." I stayed far apart from such gang play. All of us knew, however, that there were goings-on in comparative privacy all up and down the dorm. Boys would stand side by side and have themselves into ecstasies to see who was longer. It was the age of intercourse. Being white was not even a concept to us, but it would have suggested patriotism. The nearest any of the boys came to sexual expression was by mouthing a poem by little creature named Arnold. We called him St. Matthew's Arnold, even at the age of fourteen, literary wit was his disarming strength. St. Matthew's Arnold used to drop his pants and lie on a bed, hands spread. Six or eight of us would stand while two or three of the more athletic of our skills would take turns slapping their brand-new instruments onto the crack between St. Matthew's Arnold's cheeks. "Ugh, you're disgusting," they'd cry, and he'd wriggle back, "Aahh, then up. You're doing it too."

It was easier in the least homosexual. It was "hiding around." Once done, it was no uncommon for the budding cock to leap off the body, wipe himself, and say, "Why can't you be a girl? You look just like a girl." Which was true—Arnold's cheeks were crimson in the moon—and Arnold, having his own male dignity to defend, would reply, "Aahh, shut up." He was smaller than the boys who did it to him, so they barely called him for being rude. I would, as I say, merely watch.

My own odious to these sports and carousals was revealed to me, however, by the sweet-eyed shoulder that the chaplain's green knit tie pulled from me. When a woman, and I had been given no address, took's peek into the bathroom, he peeked all the nasals most offend the parking of his mouth and began to sob as shame. I knew he was worried about his wife and children. "Don't worry," I said. "I'll never tell." He begged me. Grudely, I desecrated myself. I did it gently and in public. Loads of gossip, rather, rather in the fact he would say angry. I did my best to protect him officiating at a high mass in school chapel, where all surprise over what lion combed, these ritual gestures a substance it could employ against him. It may have been a real magic. After an interval of a few, equal in weight to the darkness of an hotel room, he gave a sigh, slipped out of bed, and spent the rest of the night on the floor, while I lay awake on the roof's edge of heaven. I could never quite read.

This was the extent of my homosexual

expression, but what a bond it put into the shape of my psyche. I stayed away from sex as though it were a disease. I had bug-and-rumour dreams in which I was Arnold and the chaplain released streams of the foulest suppositions over me. In fact, I would awaken to feel infected. My sheets were wet, spayed with nothing less than the pest. I was certain, of my untidy subconscious.

When Hugh Trumbull Montague came up one weekend with my father in a charged light plane from Boston, to stay with us at our summer home in Mount Desert Island,



it was an event of the first measure. We had a much spoken-of reunion. It might have been of my overcast position for the first time during a lunch with my father at "at," but his comic seemed present everywhere thereafter, at least at school. A new life to my personal history had been duly opened. He was, as I now discovered, one of the half-dozen pupils at St. Matthew's. All through my first year at school, I knew this teacher's men, have spoken of him, but—being a southern adolescent—the name never entered my ear. Once my father described his importance in my heart, how poor, there seemed accounts of him every where. It is possible that Hugh Montague grew larger at St. Matthew's after he left—he spoke of him in now as if he had been a headmaster. By actual record, he had been coach of the soccer team and founder of the Mount's wrestling Club. A graduate of St. Matthew's, "as, not of Harvard," as he had come back to the school and taught English and Divine Studies—he

recalled his own dorm in one dream and less. At St. Matthew's, I had heard of the Egyptian golden Masi before I even heard of Hugh Montague. The invocation of his name, however, was due to him. Masi had the body of a woman and a large feather for her neck and head. As the Egyptian Goddess of Truth, she embodied a common holy principle: in the depths of each soul, the difference between a soul and a falsehood weighed no more than a feather. St. Matthew's tended to equate this weight to the power of Christ, and Montague was the determined author of that axiom. St.

Author, Auteur

Over the course of a modest career, he has made regular excursions into the movies. Acting, Screenplay. Spent the winter in Hollywood on Cape Cod directing the film of his novel *Tough Guys Don't Dance*. "Montague is when things are quickly, fast." The transition into fiction is "like coming home to your wife after a two-year absence. The little details are so close."

Montague had always taken Divine Studies seriously, but after Montague's influence on us, we had a confirmation on motion—no less—greater than any other school of our ilk in New Hampshire or Massachusetts, or—of one to whom to—down at Concomitance. We were closer to God than the others, although we knew enough not to state the fact. Hugh—known then as Mr. Montague—had given the class. Christ was Love, but Love lived only in the Truth.

This is an extraordinary addition to the list of names if we come to recognize—as I have—that Christ has a special tenderness for drunks and liars. Christ, however, was Truth as Mr. Montague, and on the consequence, one's ability to recognize the presence of Christ. In fact, I always saw as a harbinger in the corner of the chest could be moved by a lie.

Montague left precepts at St. Matthew's. The Father—evangelist, monumental prophet—was the principle of Justice. All

GREAT PERFORMERS

Willie Nelson and Ray-Ban Sun,lasses



Willie Nelson, Courtesy Arnold-Wainwright
Copyright/Consigning and Illustration of Perry Hall

Wrangler

back myself. One cannot live for too long with courage and consider forever alienating. If one is not good enough at rock climbing, one spends half one's time getting the Devil out, the other half allowing him back in. There is when I call marking time. So long as we stay in place, we study the Devil's alphabet. For he lives circular, obsessive, meaningless activity. Tedium is his meat. When all the world is nothing but a pedestal, Satan will inhabit the throne."

"Maybe," I said, "I would know what I could think and what I couldn't, and just stick with that."

"Never. You are half your father. That half is not going to quit. From the first day I could see that by one measure you were equal to the best rock climbers. You understood it. You knew you were in an awe-some church, the one where it just comes close enough to God to give a little real satisfaction."

"You?"

"You too. Hell, me too. There's a story I was told about some far-fetched, terribly obscure sort of Jewish people called Hasidim. They used to inhabit some of the more southern village ghettos in Russia and the Ukraine. It came that one of their folk, a rabbi, was so devoted that he prayed to God forty times a day, and, finally, after forty years, grew impatient and said, 'God, I have loved You for so long, why won't You reveal Yourself to me?' Whereupon, God did just that, revealed Himself. What do you think the rabbi did next?"

"I don't know."

Mr. Montague began to laugh. I had never heard him give a full laugh before. There were more people than one who would have thought twice but his laugh was all over the place. "Well, Harry, the good rabbi is dead right into the bed and began to howl like a dog. 'Oh, God,' he said, 'please do not reveal Yourself to me.' 'That, Harry, is a useful story. God's response before all else. It's the first thing to know. If Christ had not been sent to us, no one would ever have gotten out of the cave. There would have been no modern civilization."

"What about Egypt, or Greece, or Rome?"

His couldn't have been more pleased with the question. "I've given you enough due up," he said, much as Richard Nixon would in years to come. "Harry, those clouds marked time. They were a perfect example of the abnormal. They kept time in place. Devil's alphabet, all that of that. Don't be impressed by how beautiful they were. The Devil, never forget it, is the most

beautiful creature God ever made. But spiritually, these clouds never came out of the cave. They decorated the interior until it was Plato's cave, but they weren't able to do it. It took Christ to come along and say, 'You're the sons for the sons of the fathers.' That's the day, Harry, that scientific inquiry was born. Even if we had to wait all those centuries for Kepler and Galileo. But follow the logic: since the father begins to believe that his sons will not suffer for his acts of sacrifice, he grows bold enough to experiment. He looks upon the universe as a common place, rather than generated to



American Ego

has Mailer's word of the twentieth century. Clod Maximilian Als in America. Greater than Mailer's own ambition has been immense. To write the "big book" that would alter American consciousness. *American Egoism*, his Egyptian saga, stands as the first part of a long personal trilogy. "It'll get to the next two in two or three years, if I ever get there."

return does for his country. That was the beginning of the technological sleigh ride that may destroy us yet. The Jews, however, being bypassed for two thousand years, had to keep dealing with Jehovah. They didn't have Christ. So they never forgot God is awesome. 'Oh, God, do not reveal Yourself to me. Not all at once!'"

He paused. He ordered another drink for each of us, Hemingway for himself, and Harper's, I realized, for me. "Let us have an Old Haagen's for Young Harry," he casually said to the waitress, and went right back to his disputation on the awesome. "I suspect that God is with us in some fashion in every rock climb. Not to use it as—I don't know it as an ending poppy-leaf—God sweat—God at the elbow of all mountaineering adventures. At it all that God had to do was preserve the climbing and the difficulties. No, God is not a Saint Bernard dog to rescue us at every point. God is near to when we are rock climbing because that is the only way to get a good glimpse of Him.

is why," he said, "I don't want you to continue rock climbing. The basic fact is that you don't have the requisite skills that are necessary. So you will convert all you have into a vice. You will keep finding a little courage and losing it. You could end up like one of those monumentally boring golfers who work for years to improve their swing and never stop talking about it. One would think of our common."

"Glad," I said. Now I was angry. Awfully hurt but clearly angry.

"All that is in contempt for your feelings, but is true respect. By now, I know you better than your father does, and you have no gifts. I'll say no more. You father is an egomaniac, and weak, on occasion, is judgment, but I rely myself on a cold eye. You have qualities that your father, for all his splendid staff, is lacking."

High Montague held up his glass. We would drink together. Then we shook hands and drove back to the house, and at the morning he left. ■



The Old Man and the Thumb

It was a brutal act of sadism, the ultimate means of thumb wrestling. The man was the last. "You squared off at a table by the ladder down in one of Hemingway's favorite New York restaurants, the Colony. Blessed with a large, flexible thumb untroubled

by hours of tennis, Flanagan restrained the old master, forcing Hemingway's thumb into submission again and again. But the jersey boy left his mark on his young acolyte. Although Flanagan rose from the table triumphant, his hand was stained with vicious half moons from Hemingway's stubborn grip.

8

WAYS TO
KICK START
A TIRED
WARDROBE

SOLID BOLD



The Perfect Leather Jacket



Left: Black
californ motorcycle jacket
(\$825), charcoal wool
trousers (\$115), and
black cotton mesh overalls
(\$35), by Bill Robinson

Cobalt-blue pigskin-
and-cord gloves (\$150),
by Izzy Miyake
Sport jacket by Ramonada
Shawash

The Brassy Gloves



*Known felt fedora (Koko),
by Rinaldi.
Windsnaper plaid wool double-
breasted suit (Bryn)
and olive cotton sport shirt
(Koko), by Kaporte.*

*Right: Mustard Harris Tweed
single-breasted
sport jacket (Bryn) and
charcoal wool
knit polo (Koko), by Ronaldson
Shawmut.*

SOLID BOLD





Black frame eyeglasses
(\$45), by Anglo American
Eyewear. Black wool-
and-silk single-breasted sport
jacket (\$1,775), white
cotton dress shirt (\$295),
and black silk tie
(\$15), by Giorgio Armani

Right: Zip-front wool knit
cardigan jacket (\$295),
cashmere mock turtleneck (\$110),
and wool knit trousers
(\$435), by Sam Tardieu
No Tronchetto

SOLID BOLD



Red velvet and
naple-bonnet overcoat
(\$2,000), black and
red velvet
trousers (\$1,200), by
Claude Aboukian

Right: Black-and-brown
stepped suede boots
(\$485), by Susan Bence
Warren Edwards
Charcoal wool trousers
(\$1,000), by Barry
Brooks, Rabbit cotton socks
(\$1), by Royce

SOLID BOLD

Mama on the Train

The officer was a woman, from Brooklyn in Manhattan. McMillan recalled her first novel, *Mama* (1971), going to and fro a work routine: a trip to the subway, a trip to the office, a trip to the subway, a trip to the office, a trip to the subway, a trip to the office. But I could write it.

Terry McMillan presents a

vivid history of one woman's loves

that is totally unvarnished,

in a voice of comic lyricism seemingly

discovered in the writing



McMillan

Men
Who Are
Good
with Their
Hands

Off and on in my life I've mistaken a good lay for love. Who hasn't? Even though they're all history now, I've never contemplated any of these guys to be "mine." Either they just had a long, long way to go and I couldn't wait, or the direction they wanted to travel wasn't on my map. My instincts always told me that each one would be different—an improvement over the last one. Besides, I've always liked men who were good with their hands.

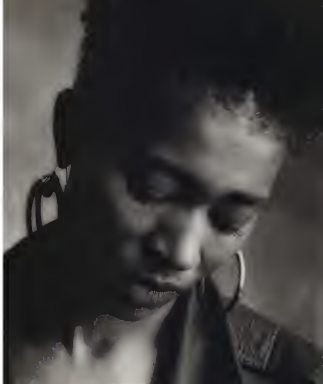
When I was sixteen and the chain broke on my bike and I fell off and damaged my knee, Duke picked me up and took me a look so that the chain was tight. He had bulging muscles and a thick neck. He was also sixteen. The nose-bere colored grease covered his hands so that his skin shone like satin silk. His fingerprints were yellow.

The next day, he walked me home from school the long way, through Windfall Woods. We walked bushes away from our feet as we stayed from the path. It was so hot and moist the mosquitoes landed on our bare arms and legs. I rubbed my hands up and down my arms to keep them away. Then Duke stopped as if he were waiting for a light to change. My heart pounded

like someone was breaking dreams. He walked up to me, opened his fingers like two fans, and slid them around the small of my back. Then he kissed me. It was the wildest, sweetest, passion love I'd ever had in my life. It was the first love I'd ever had in my life.

We walked this way home until the leaves turned red and yellow and then fell off the trees. Snow crunched beneath our feet and leaves hung from bare branches. Everybody could see us then, though we weren't trying to hide. No one understood what I saw in him, especially his parents. "The boy is ugly, any way you look at him," she said. He was just too dark. Marquette was high yellow, which she thought made her pretty in and of itself. My daddy was the color of black oak, and the only thing he ever said related to Duke was, "Don't take it no further than a kiss." That was it.

Then we moved to Toledo because Daddy got transferred. He worked for the railroad. Duke said I promised to write each other, but three months after we moved, one of my cousins called and told me Duke was dead. He'd been hit by an ambulance that was going through a red light as he was



McMillan

I had to teach myself to forget them.

"These boys," he said, "are all basketball players at the University of Toledo. They are here not only to get an education and participate in sports, but because they don't want to stray too far from the Lord." Bernstein, the girl sitting next to me, said:

"That's bullsh!t. These guys made me cry because they could see a good example for the college. You should see the examples we've been getting for the past six or seven years. Make you not wanna wear a single headscarf, get... I looked over at Jesus and had to be the one out of my lungs. I said, 'Praise the Lord,' under my breath. I had second choice one I wanted."

"This is my best friend, Zara Banks," Bernadette said, lying. The only time I ever saw her was in church. She already had a reputation, and Daddy wouldn't let me hang out with her. But she was an angel, so we sat together in choir. They invited us back to their fair game. I watched James run back and forth down that wooden floor, jump over the air, and score points.

I had to: seven Janets face-to-face since church that Sunday, and it was at a Valeriano's party that I smelled that French Stirling and heard his voice before I actually saw him. I turned toward the punch bowl and dipped out a cup. I wasn't at all thirsty, but I wanted to see him. Wanted him to see me. When I noticed he was talking to an

"Of course now I realize that he must've watched a lot of TV, but does it just blank out and say, 'No, but thank you,' because there was nothing special about my eyes?"

"I'm not kidding. As a matter of fact, you're about the prettiest young lady I've met since I've been in Toledo." My cheeks were burning because I was losing my

"Would you like to dance?" he asked. Smokey Robinson and the Miracles were singing "Choochy Beppin,'" and when James put his arms around me, I felt that grown man's lips on his trousers and realized that cologne on his neck, and I knew, I thought I was going to faint. We danced

For the next few weeks, after each of his phone calls, I played Aerosmith's Frank's "Don't No Way" on my record player until Marguerite threatened to break it. It was a sad song and made me cry. That's how I knew I was in love. If I remember correctly, this is precisely when I started

It took James a year to argue to slide out of my seventh grade. And it was on my real mom's birthday. He told me the first time I went up to her dorm they had pizza and I refused to go so it was like he would wait for me. He was ecstatic about my being a virgin. And he didn't realize there were any left. Not in high school. And not in college. When I finally made up my mind to do it, I

"It's no good," he kept crying out, as if he was in pain or something. I remember

"I never thought I'd wear a diamond ring."

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and taste that's important
to me.

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... The use of specific, strong variables are welcome but must not if the end does not in which measured, it has to account for

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him. I was glad when it was finally over. If that was supposed to be the death of my life, I missed something.

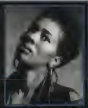
"I want to marry you," he said later. I could picture myself married to a pro footballer one—which he was sure to be—before we moved to get our degrees here. For months, we rolled on top of each other, rubbing cheeks—rubbing everything. And at seventeen years old, all I could think about was that I had a real man in my arms. I closed my eyes, saw myself strung in the bleachers next to all the other star wives. We had bought one of those big houses with a three-car garage, and it was hidden behind tall electric posts. We had security.

He was a boxer and drove dented trucks. He also had a Harley-Davidson and wore thick black boots. His legs were bowed and he walked like Clint Eastwood. After him as the lake. I was tired of being depressed over him, so when David offered me a ride on his motorcycle, I went. It was the first time I experienced real adventure and understood what freedom felt like. He taught me how to swim and gave me my first joint. It made me giggish and I felt shocked and safe looking over my shoulder because I thought somebody was following me. I didn't like that feeling.

I liked David, though. Because the first time that he put on top of me and moved,

Writing and the Single Mother

She was a single mother and she was "Hill Street" kind, the clothes shopping, a closet full of heartbreak, those-clothes, those-pants, those-sweaters, holding clothes—I can keep working, even on my head, the whole thing. "Hill Street," someone said once. He knew when Marjorie's in the company, it was don't fuck with her. Not that I was that kind of girl, with her.



And two kids. A boy and a girl. The girl looked like me, the boy looked like him. We made love every night because it had finally gotten to the point where I liked it. We couldn't have been happier. My dreams always ended the same way. With James coming and making me up. I'd put my clothes on, and on the drive home I considered the fact that if I got pregnant, at least I'd be out of high school by the time it was born.

James got accepted as a Big Ten university, which meant he would be moving to Indiana. I had won a music scholarship to Ohio State, which was in Columbus. We were happy for each other. He happy that I would all summer for a letter, a phone call, something. But nothing. Even at night, I had some pride. I didn't call or write him when he didn't answer my first letter.

By the end of the summer, I had lost a twenty-six-year-old, six-foot-three-inch man named David. His name was David.

Something weird happened to me. I liked it. A lot. I felt shaky. Lost all control over my body and I got these chills and tingles and couldn't do a thing about them. So this was an orgasm, huh? I suddenly became addicted to David's body. I used him, really. When he asked me to marry him, I was shocked. I wasn't in love with him. I was in love with "it." I even had to think about what his first name was, to tell the truth. He pulled out this big diamond ring, and I didn't know how to tell him that I didn't like diamonds, and that I didn't want to marry him, but I told him anyway. "I thought you loved me," he said. "I thought so, too," I said. "But I've got so many plans, David. I'm moving to New York City after I get out of college. I want to be a singer. I want to live a hard and daring life, not a safe little cozy one in Toledo. And I want to be good at something besides marriage." He said he would make it exciting, but I told him I'd rather not try.

When I finally made it to New York, it took three months from then. But not all that short. I guess it lasted about three months. Maybe less. That's when I met Percy from Louisiana. Percy was a plumber. And he was a smart plumber, handsome, but worried a wife was badly. It was hard to love Percy because he was the first man who went down on me and made me come that way. I couldn't believe it when it happened. All the others had always chewed and groined somehow but I got to the point that when one offered, I refused the attention. Percy changed all that. He was generous in so many ways, but he wanted me to get my job training, give up my singing aspirations altogether, and move to some hole off-the-wall even in Louisiana that I'd never even heard of so we could make babies and run a farm. And he was serious. It was hard going up Percy.

Then there was Dillon. Can't ever forget Dillon. He was a deejay and a performance quackster. He'd give me ten or fifteen minutes of pure joy, but that was about it, just enough for me to want more, to keep praying that the moments would one day stretch into at least a half hour. It never worked out. The other problem with Dillon was that he was too good looking, prettier than me, and he knew it. He was also a whore and a party animal. In the beginning, we hung out so much that sometimes I'd wear the same clothes two days in a row. Then Dillon started with that excuse. Spoiled everything. I learned later that he'd been doing it all the time, which had a lot to do with him being a musician. I got tired of the whole scene, and by the time Dillon gave me VD, I told him it was over. He promised me he would stop messing around and get up close. He said he wanted to marry me. But he'd already cracked up his car in two, and I was tired of broken promises.

There have been a few others, but they're not worth mentioning. I guess the group of men has had the most impact on me because I often think about them. But not all that often. Mostly when I find my bicycle downstairs and aim my leg, or when I see Magic Johnson doing tender commercial or watch Sugar Ray knock some guy out. When I hear a motorcycle. When the radio overflows. Or when I'm at a disco and the guy on the giant cups spinning records hits the waffles. Lastly, one or two are attracting my attention. I'm a little leery of beautiful men now. Then again, I could luck out and meet one with a working brain, a decent heart, and hands that are good at something like beaver trapping me.



An Ancient Evening

Before he became a streamer of letters, Norman Mailer was known to pack a mean punch as one of America's foremost literary boxers. In October 1971 he fought Groucho Wild in Luffy Waymouth's Up per East Side cocktail party. As was their custom, the two men snaked each other, whereupon Mailer beat

ed Wild. Wild showed back, and Mailer launched a punch at Wild's head. As Mailer was led from the party by Waymouth, Wild announced that he hadn't been hurt a bit, not many thanks to the evening as "the night of the very few." History records this bout as the last heavyweight literary fight.

Radio Boy

He's a legend of an affinity for working alone, cultivating his own voice. At thirty-six, the youngest deputy in the country, working in a coal-mining station in Virginia, "Sometimes I'd be sitting into the microphone and wouldn't know if a word was being said."

Mark Richard, thirty-two

years old, has published hitherto only in the

quarterlies, but his voice

and vision are as distinct and strong

as any major writer today



Richard

Strays

At night stray dogs come up underneath our house—lick our backs, pop their heads up under my brother and my's room, we hear them coughing and growling, scratching their rusted backs against the boards beneath our beds. We lie awake knowing, my brother or thinking of names to name the one he is sitting out to catch. Solace and Topdog are high on his list.

It's all my brother these dogs are wild and cunning. A back hauled snout on the floor off our beds sends these straying apine bowed out the travel space beneath our open window. Sometimes when my brother is quick he leans out and nudges one slipping away.

Our father has meant to put the screens back on the windows for spring. He has even brushed them out of the storage shed and stacked them in the drive. He lays them out by one over sawhorse to rack in the frames tighter and more pushes against mosquitoes. This is what he means to do,

but our mother that morning pulls all the screens off the shelves once the floor, tracks my brother and my's Easter Sunday drawings in her mouth, and leaves the house on through the fields cleared the week before last rain.

Uncle Trash is our nearest relative with a car, and our mother has a good half-day head start on our father when Uncle Trash arrives. Uncle Trash runs his car up the drive in a big speed splashing all the screens stacked there from their frames. There is an exploded chicken on the grill of Uncle Trash's car. They don't even taste it all as Uncle Trash slides out and our father gets behind the wheel, looking back over the screens sitting out in several our window.

Uncle Trash looks out then he has left his car under the seat of his car. He gets in our kitchen pulling out all the shelves our mother missed. Then he is in the towel box in the hall, looking, pulling our stuff on sticks. He is in our parents' room opening



caps off his fingers as my brother and I when we go to Casa with our mother to make guatem. We have to wait outside by the apartment porch, not by the ground-floor door. I'm to shed, the pop-corn place where the men or around and Uncle Trash shows his used work more. When people generally don't go into Casa unless they have to buy on credit.

We at school know Mr. and Mrs. Casa from a family that runs children. There is a red metal toy with plastic wrapped toys in the window and a long candy container case made to last you in Mr. and Mrs. Casa have no children of their own. They are there during a hard winter and asked the case down the sidewalk on the colored boy runs out to the playground area as soon. I count colored children going as to buy some candy to see how many slide in back out, but generally our mother is ready to go home very before I can tell. Our credit at Casa is done.

The front two corners in one of our seasonal truck's underground tunnel under and Uncle Trash takes a spill. The car runs behind to the house landmarks splits our brown paper packages sealed with electrical tape into the yard along with a case of Champagne and a box of cigars. Uncle Trash is down where he falls. He lies along all day under the tree in the yard moving just to crawl back into the wandering shade.

We have for supper water, Champagne, and cigars. Uncle Trash reaches down to open our legs up on the table after a disaster says he'll go ahead and leave my brother and my cigars with. There is no cut back for our eyes and my hand-Aid cut of models and disks, checking all the packages, even checking twice again the cut strap between the front of the bicycle. Uncle Trash shows on a handkerchief the table drinking a bottle of Champagne, then he stands in the walk and says "Gather My Far-Flung Thoughts Together." My brother and I chomp our cigars and clip, but in our hearts we are low and lonesome.

Don't y'all burn down the house, says Uncle Trash peddling out the yard to Casa. My brother leans out our window with a rope coil and says a ring on string. He is in a grassy-finger sleep when the string strikes like white snakes off our bed and over the rail into the field on back.

There's July over and no word from our parents. Uncle Trash doesn't remember the Fourth of July or the Fourth of July parade. Uncle Trash launches outside in the leaders

of his bicycle and sits over Old Man's cards in the spider and follows the bus engine through town with up brother and I in the front car-out drive driving penny candy to the crowd. What are you trying to be, the colored men at Casa ask us when we end up there. I open a tin-metal truck of new broken by the Casa's house step. Finally, says Uncle Trash.

Uncle Trash doesn't remember winning Mrs. Casa in a game for a day so come on and down the house and us in the language. The public the furniture around with a



Shrimps and Ham

When other young writers were sitting their north (and poets) in the MIA programs, Mark Richard rode the seas. Worked on cheap boats down south, washed boats in the north. One boat he worked, advertising for pizza and beer, polished houses, worked as a private investigator, a bartender, a newspaper reporter in Virginia. One fall did a few days during his junior and senior years, home.

beaten and calls us about situations. There's a bucket of soap to wash our heads and a jar of some smelly cream for our infected bras. First from under the house and mosquitoes through the window. The screen are easy squares in the driveway dirt. Uncle Trash leaves his legs spread as long as my arm. My comes after my brother and I wish it so cut our legs, the says. We know better. My brother does under the house and I run up a tree. Uncle Trash doesn't remember July, but when we tell him about it he says he thinks July was probably a good idea in the state.

It is August with the brown twisted corn in the field next to the house. There is word from our parents. They are in the state capital. One of them has been in jail. I try to decide which. Uncle Trash is still getting across. We get from Casa long up around.

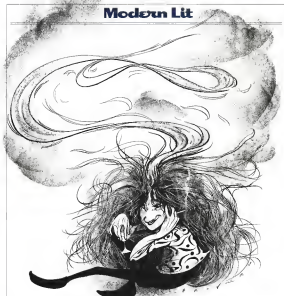
I wake up in the middle of a night. My brother floats through the window. Out in

voided.

In the morning our parents drive past where our house used to be. They go by again until they recognize the yard. Uncle Trash is trying to bring my brother out of the trash he is in by showing him how some card tricks work on the left standing up and the wrap. Uncle Trash shows Jack-Away, Queen in the Whanderson, and No Money Down. Our father says for Uncle Trash to stand up so he can knock him down. Uncle Trash says he deserves this one. Our father knocks him down again and tells him to get up. If you get up I'll tell you, our father says.

Uncle Trash crawls on all fours across our yard out to the road. Goodbye, Uncle Trash, I say. Goodbye, then, Uncle Trash says. Don't y'all burn the house down, he says and I say, We won't.

During the knocking down nobody notices our mother. She is a fictional running under though the rain all burned up by the summer sun. ☐



The Fire Next Tama

It was a crap fall evening at a cocktail party given by R. Casey Hay on Manhattan's Upper West Side. Gerry Prokopyan, Jay McInerney, and other literary luminaries were schmoozing happily when Tama Janowitz is a cigarette too close to her smoking coat. "Whooah!" the moment in her hair ignited in a full-scale chemical

blaze. Partygoers shrieked and dived for cover, as others leaped to extinguish the fire by beating up the smoke about the head. When it was over, ash floated delicately about the room, and I saw Gumbie, Gumbie under control. Tama's movie looked pretty much as it did to begin with.

THE NEW YORK TIMES
A Fur Trapper
in Manhattan

He once wanted to be a fur trapper on the Hudson Bay. His father is a paper company executive, the family mostly in business. "They probably think that I've pulled it out over. Actually, they also seem like a funny mix, right? A living."

Jay McInerney began

his career with a spectacularly successful,

very contemporary novel, and

he shows here that his perceptions remain

as up-to-date as tomorrow



McInerney

Lost and Found

Sanctuary in the dry of fratricidalness, dedicated to long-distance, guilt, and culture. The city has seemed from its earliest, and the seductions, when they finally resurface out, with the moon's surface, for once, appearing to have any meaningful dimension or purchase in mind. Enduring churches, the populace congregate in the temples of art.

Amid the rocks and trees of Cézanne's Provence, this French girl is shaped like something dreamed by Brancusi. Russell thinks, a piece that would be called *Sea Morning Through Spies*, the center providing a rigorous, inner voice that says you're not supposed to interrupt such thoughts, being sensually enlightened, vibrant, and married besides—the chunky cinematic canon acquired via the Times op-ed and the higher media, progressive girlfriends, and old New England schools. Treating women like objects, making low circles out of high art. Two volutes—Russell calls this particular inner voice *Elaborate*, and though he admires Brancusi he wishes sometimes she'd lighten up or maybe take a long nap. God knows the Reagan years have been hard on her and he feels

bad about this but in this case he wishes to say: sorry short, will you please, Elanor, because sometimes these thoughts come unbidden into our minds, okay, and why don't even live in the Museum of Modern Art with our wife by our side, glowing sideways at this splendid game life in blue jeans who is standing in front of Cézanne's *The Bathers* and whispering to her friend in the artist's native tongue, even when we should be admiring *Le Châneau Noir*, generally one of our favorite paintings. It happens, Elanor. So out it.

"At first Cézanne doesn't let his eyes into the painting," Carver says, looking up from *Le Châneau Noir*.

"Say what?" Russell believes his wife has a picture already going public with her recent monologues, so that he constantly finds himself plunged into the middle of a debate the subject of which is a mystery.

"I was thinking about filmography saying he traveled how to make from Cézanne," she says. "I was just thinking how his descriptions of nature have this same solidity and depth, yes, but it's like all the trees in Monet's way's forest have his in-



Sunday and she had wandered about it all day long. The next day the wind muffled her hundred paces and everything got gray and the fog so close that morning or else blacked it out.

Falling asleep. Russell thinks briefly about a hair chopping up a single wire, but his conscience is almost clear, so fast it is more than clear. This morning, his father's death was an instant of loss, and that evening he is a man who has returned to a situation to see a girl's exchange, or rather her father's. Guiltless. The marriage of his wife, the degree to which he had been swept and aroused by the idea had rebounded to Corrine's advantage, the nervous of his infidelity having eventually charged his cells while he is the happens he finds in this vision of himself as an upright husband. But it seemed his appreciation of the wife for whom he performed this latest line of deception.

He is barely troubled by the thought that Corrine has given him her name number since he is sure he will never use it.

The next morning Russell cannot find his place as he's leaving the house. It irritates him—they're beautiful and expensive gloves, Italian calf, from Barney, there was a time he would have worried less about it, bought a new pair, but money is tighter now—be for half of their savings on the crash—and those days you had to try to keep on so that, like Christ, he's always losing staff. On the way to work he remembers her name as the Garden Gate as the museum, talking to Simone.

As lunchtime he goes over to the museum, checks the lost and found. No such gloves have been found, her surprise being to the museum agent from a single of their pleasure. From a phone book on the street he calls Simone's number, which is in his wallet. A member of the dramatic staff answers, informs him that Miss Simone is out for lunch, would be like to leave a message. Having second thoughts, Russell says, no message.

It was a high-volume day at work, and Corrine was to buy the finger to finish about the state of her body, and that night they had a dinner party. It is accounts Tuesday before she remembers to look at her checkbook, where she kept a fairly complete record of her cycle. On the calendar her 1986 through 1988 in the back of the checkbook the marked off the days of her period. October fifth through the tenth are

crossed off. It doesn't take much study to see something like goldmine, well up within her the sun that the pattern of marks on the rows of weeks shows her last, about two rows late. The pattern hardly varied through 1986 and most of 1987. She is a regular kind of girl.

In the ladies' room, Corrine examines her face carefully in the mirror. She reaches up and cups her face between her palms. Bigger, definitely bigger. Russell would like that pair, wouldn't he? Oh, God, wouldn't he?

As she looks at her face in the mirror her



eyes meet with mine. She isn't sure why she is crying. She realizes that for the past few weeks she has not let it all in command of her own emotions, it's as if some powerful new force is struggling to assert itself, demanding her attention, bring her know that for the rest of her life her tears and her mind will be subject to a new authority.

Emerging from an editorial meeting in the afternoon, Russell is informed by Donna, his assistant, that Simone has called again. "Another call from out-to-la," is the way Donna puts it. Donna is wrapped in black spandex, more or less her usual costume, she is a tall girl in an office of various items and lastly a model card girl.

"New button?" Russell asks, pointing to her left breast, which invariably displays a button with an inspirational message, it is her signature, part of Russell's. It is a silk pocket square in recent weeks the button said, *BEYOND THE MOUNTAIN*. The new one reads, *WOMEN COME ABOVE THE MOUNTAIN*. It is

CHAMBER, a reference to a current murder trial in which a teenager strangled her date during an alleged sexual encounter in Central Park. "Very moral," Donna says. "Russell nods.

"We can't all be French," Donna says. "Hey, she's someone I'm taking to about a photography book, right? Wildlife photography."

"So then there's no need to blush, is there, boss?"

Russell pulls the pink message slip, goes into his office, closes the door behind him. He looks at the phone, the message slip. It

Nouveau York

shows something. We, once it takes. It's impossible to resist in club hopping hell. New York is his subject, its nervously nervous culture, its manners and manumens. "I got my inspiration from just put it out of the person in the sales of my firm. I don't write about burning problems in business, because I don't know anything about that."

more to see that Guinevere, he thinks. Russell, right, sure—on his second thought, Florence meadowe seeing the morning news on news. Episcopalian, an assistant.

"Why did he have to be in the room?" Lying to himself even, about the Guinevere, as if that had something to do with it.

Laking the room, during Simone, he feels he is at the beginning of a great chain of lies.

Leaving work right after the market close, Corrine suddenly awakes, stopping at all the pharmacy. The next morning, before Russell is awake, she puts out a paper cup and pours it into a hot tub, then covers the mouth of her lower pregnancy rest. While it comes out power? In the going to tell her. Maybe not right away. Certainly not this morning. He's not good on the morning. He'd paid delivery before about how they can't afford to have her quit her job. In the living room, she sits on the Tuesday show and puts the foot, checking the

bedroom every few minutes. What does it mean, the window, that old thing about the rubber ducky? She remembers the rubber duck in the tub. If the rubber duck dark then changes in good they'll need a second bedroom in about eight months.

Arriving home at 5:30 that evening after drinks with an agent, Russell finds Corrine in one of her best moods. She asks him briefly how his day was, and he explains that it started off with an advance copy of the *Times* book review in which one of his books was trashed and panned more or less at the time.

"Let's go out to dinner," Corrine suggests.

"I'm here. Let's order in."

"We could eat at home by candlelight," Corrine says. "We haven't done that in ages, Russ. And then maybe take a bath."

"Whaaaaa?"

"You said to be so romantic," she says, her voice breaking.

"Russell doesn't say. "Whatever happened to the man who bought me roses?" Russell says. "These let's not have that one tonight."

Russell is feeling he deserves more credit in this particular area since he told Simone this afternoon that he was happily married and that it would be best if she didn't call him again. He thought he would feel proud of himself at last, but he's been depressed ever since, feeling that someone is slowly who's moving from his life. But seeing Corrine cry now awakens feelings of tenderness. He hugs her, presses her cheek against his collarbone, where it has been so many times before.

"I'm sorry, baby," he says.

"Oh, Russell," she says. "I'm pregnant."

"Once we could you'll be angry," she says. "Why would I be angry?"

"Well, on paper, anyway." They are lying on top of the bed, their clothes scattered on the floor and the bedspread.

"Now, I've been such a jerk lately, haven't I?"

"Maybe just a tiny bit of a jerk."

"I've been a jerk."

"Well, now you're cured." She giggles. "A cured pig—you're a ham."

"She's going to be an extremely silly mother."

For several minutes they lie together on the bed in silence. Russell waits for the first glimmer of doubt to quickly his happiness. He imagines it will come and it's as if he should

come and go immediately so that he can continue to feel this way, like he is the first man in history to have discovered a baby with his wife. A married, bearded pair, each, holding a club in the light of a huge fire, standing guard over his woman and child within the cave.

Primitive feelings are stirring. At first, yeah, he'd been shocked. But the next thing was a huge excitement that became this overwhelming desire to make love to Corrine, to bring himself into contact with the mystery.

"What are you thinking?" Corrine asks, prying herself up on one elbow and looking down into Russell's eyes. "Are you okay? Tell me."

"I'm here. I'm something really exciting me," Russell says, leaning over, almost hating himself when he sees the panic in her eyes. "Are we going to send the kid to Anderson or East?"

At 8:00 A.M., two hours before he's normally conscious, Russell wakes in a cold sweat. He has never been so scared in his life. He gets up and walks into the living room, his hands trembling, wishing he had a cigarette, though he quit them a year ago. Who the hell is he to be a father? Still practically a kid himself, not quite thirty yet, about nineteen and a half emotionally. He doesn't know if he is ready. Until last night it seemed like this up the Amazon, more still liberally part of his world, but Corrine had talked recently about taking a year off and living in Florence. And what about Simone, he hadn't done anything, but still, what kind of father is he going to make if he's so easily tempted to be back around? Some reason—like he is going to have a kid but he's not going to have the same, not, and she was lightly looking seriously. And money. He doesn't make enough money. That was the big one.

—But poor people have children all the time, don't they?

—That's how they become poor.

Outside the windows, the center sky goes from power to pink to pale blue. Baby blue, he says to himself.

Corrine has her own fears. At work, as the Dow tumbles on news of a falling dollar, she considers that between job and marriage her anxiety level has been at an all-time high, working fourteen-hour days, fighting with Russell. And didn't she make part of a year at that party in Drew Karp's loft? She thinks of all the parties she's worked at college, strangers sang and

twined chromosomes. And then her summer, the parties, remembering last summer, and calls Russell, meaning that Simone break in on his other call, her voice high and quivering in shock he hardly understood her at first.

"... last summer, you remember, we took all the summer," she says.

"We took it maybe three times, Corrine."

"Oh, Russ, why did we do it?"

"Because it was fun. I'm amazed you didn't get pregnant back then."

"So you're not worried?"

The World as It Is

I remember the happy, the privileged rule on the children's dream-making machinery, he means the son of a corporate store, among every year, retirement, and his health, kindness, patience. "It comes to me, again, your memory of a book, trying to make the world, it's a book, a way in which you're unhappy with the world as it is."

"I didn't say that."

"You are worried, I can tell by your voice. I can tell you're really disappointed or sad and worried."

"Let's face it, babe, it's hell being married to a genius."

"When the doctor's response he says, 'Look, we'll talk to the doctor about it, okay? Have you made the appointment yet?'"

"I go on on Monday."

"Time, old then check Volume."

"Russell! Her voice rings out, full of disapproval."

"Whoops, sorry. New funny. Just try to chill out, and I'll be home early."

Shaking her Russell's reassurance, she hangs up. She knows that the one and only lesson of the parents are stated on the far side. She has seen the money and she looks, seeing the transposing experience under trouble down the staircase, heard the doctor say, We couldn't save the child. That night on his side of the bed Russell

perhaps creates seven strokes sleepily. Biology is not working for him as it is for Corrine. He wants to catch up with her, become physically transformed into a fighter. When he was making love to her last night he felt the most aggressive of blood and race, but now he is locked out again and he feels nothing but anxiety. He wonders if he has the courage to ask Corrine if she's sure she wants to get into a baby, both of them even for sharing such a thing, knowing that once he asks he can never take it back, that no matter how she responds Corrine will remember it forever. . . .

But the long night seems to exhaust his doubts and fears and with the morning he feels strong and eager for his new role, full of love for the woman asleep beside him. Rising shortly after dawn, he awakens himself on lowest earthly grounds as he gets upon a breakfast tray and wakes her a few minutes before her alarm.

It makes perfect sense to Russell, confirms his sense of Corrine's superb economy, that she gets morning sickness at night. The Sunday night before her examination is particularly bad. She dreams up dirty sex games and again during Monday, She Wrote. In the morning, still feeling awful, she calls in sick to work, deciding to see before her afternoon appointment.

Shortly after lunch, Corrine calls in to at the office. Her voice is weak and raspy. "Are you all right?" he asks.

"Oh, Russell. I'm fine," he says, although he knows from the tone of her voice and the pain in his heart exactly what she means, and though the tears come so easy and so to bother with the details he has to here everything in order to try to understand how she is in the moment where he is and began to believe in a miracle it was suddenly revealed.

During the succeeding days Russell treats her with extreme solicitude. Corrine takes a week off from work, and he stays home with her the first couple of days, feeding her, washing her like a postpartum animal. She has lost a lot of blood, her hair comes out in a mass of clots, and the doctor tells her it will be a couple of months before her body is back to normal. She cries frequently. Although the doctor told her that this is a common event, that every pregnant woman in the first trimester, she cannot help feeling like it. Somehow Russell understands this and tries to persuade her that she is blasé. Nature's way of telling

you. At first she is angry with him, too, but eventually she sees that he also feels the loss. And when he tells her that he feels guilty because he isn't worried if they could afford the baby and outstayed the alternative, she is able to reassure him and put her own sense of blame in perspective.

That Saturday Russell takes her for a walk, handling her up first against the November cold although it is relatively warm, giving a scarf around her neck, resting her over a head. They walk over to the park, Corrine feeling a little dizzy on her legs, holding Russell's arm for support, and suddenly she has a vision of the two of them creeping along together as an ancient couple, wrinkled and bent with the years, holding each other up, and from this moment she feels better. That night he takes her to Russell's, where she drinks two glasses of wine and laughs when he describes his own sex's late coitus, her loose humor, and her adolescent consciousness with her boyfriend.

The first snow of the season is coming down so they leave the car at home, Corrine carrying a doggie bag with the pepper steak—the doctor prescribed that meat for men—that she could not finish. Running through the garbage can at the curb, the hooded, shivering figure almost bolts when she touches her own, but she holds out the bag and says—"Please, take it, it's practically a whole week." Carelessly, he accepts the bag and slips off down Prince Street, like a dog, Russell thinks, who does not want to leave home by running at the sight of the world.

Walking over to West Broadway for a cab, they pass a young boy strong huddled in a doorway. Holding Corrine's arm, Russell senses caution because he feels her shivering, feels her involuntary impulse looking at the stranger, the look of men and women crossing her face, which is normal toward the boy.

"Wait," she says, disengaging her arm and walking over to the boy, crouching down beside him. "Are you okay?" she asks him. A drug addict is Russell's first thought, her coming closer, he can sense Corrine sense, that stopped her. The kid is so young, barely a teen. The pale, frightened face is pathetic.

"I'm cold," the boy whimpers. Corrine takes off her scarf and wraps it around his, then turns to look longingly at Russell. He reaches into his coat pocket, extracts the three dollars change from the coat check, hands it to her. She gives it to the boy, then kisses him on the cheek. Ron will have to wait quite a while on her arm

to move her away. In the cab, she wonders about how such a young boy would come to be shivering in a doorway and what might have done to help. She is still wondering as she downstairs goes down, as they go up in the elevator, as they undress for bed. As Russell is brushing his teeth she comes into the bedroom and says, "I have to go back and find him, Ron. I have to help."

Russell nods. Although he knows he would probably be able to forget the boy's face and sleep tonight, he understands that Corrine cannot, and he is proud of her for it. In the garden an old blanket, a sweat shirt, and a pair of wool socks. Russell contributes a not so old sweater.

The woman flags again as they wait to enter the sewing. It is early Sunday morning with the snow coming down, and somehow this all makes sense.

But when they return to the doorway on Prince Street he is gone. Corrine has the caddy circle the block twice, but finally she sees in Russell and says, "Can you think of anything?"

He shrugs his head and says, "Maybe we can come back tomorrow."

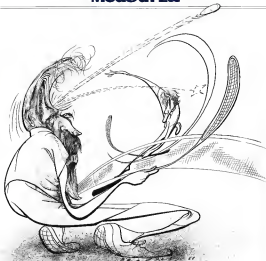
Back upstairs, they prepare for bed once again. Corrine puts on a nightgown. She is deeply preoccupied, still thinking of the boy.

"I'm going to quit my job," she says, her voice is soft, after the lights are out. "I've been thinking about it all week. I know it's going to be tough, but I'm sorry. I want to do something useful with my life."

"It's all right," he says, slipping his arms under her shoulders and pulling her toward him.

A few minutes later, in a room filled with sleep, she says, "Thanks for going back with me."

So they'll manage somehow, Russell thinks. They've been learning to get by with love and they'll keep learning. It seems so hard as if they're taking a moment in loss lately. And as he drifts to sleep he has an insight that he believes is important, and that he hopes he will remember in the morning, although it is one of those insights that seldom survive translation to the language of the daylight hours—knowing that whatever plans betwixt them together or separately they will become none and more intimate with love as the years accumulate, that the children who may be in their future will eventually school them in the pain of growth and separation as their own parents die and leave them alone in the world, shivering at an exit doorway. ■



The Defense Rests

In yet another skirmish between Ayn and the Military-Industrial Complex, copanate writer J. P. Donleavy and a sidekick (coupled with then-Secretary of the Navy John Lehman and an *in-de-to* camp in a double match of De Altonce seems, an exotic racket sport sustained by Donleavy. Lehman, a fan of the nation's books who claimed to run the Navy by Donleavy's

pretext, had nestled a De Altonce court at the Pentagon. The match was a close one, but military canning eventually overcame service grace. Although defeating Donleavy is expressly forbidden by the rules of De Altonce games, there were no hard feelings. The commentators retired happily to the Pentagon stairs for beer and postmatch analysis.

Wild Oates

She was struck by Ray M. (p. 134). By her own. The great. Her. The most. The great. Western acceptance around a 21. Made sense for "Death Valley" in November 1976, while covering the Tucson Derby. First finished in a 1976, in Phoenix.

Joyce Carol Oates,
—
always as proficient as she is prolific,
—
renders the violence
—
underlying the story with an absolute
—
mastery of technique



Oates

Death Valley

The colors of winter here were dead, a bleached brown, layers of rich white like the light fell instead, sharp as a knife. And there was the wind.

He observed as she shaded her eyes, which were one strong eye, against the glass. "That looks like water," she said brightly. "Or ice."

"Those are air fins."

"What?"

"Salt. Salt flats."

"It looks like ice."

Her nose was lightly combative. As if several hares were her primary mode of discourse.

She said, "I was always wandering about the name. Since I was a little girl."

"The name—"

"Death Valley. It's something you hear about, or see in the movies. The old movies. You know 'Death Valley'—you sort of wander."

It was then he noticed how young she

was. Twenty years younger than he, by a generous estimate. At that age you can still reasonably think death is romance.

It was their second day. He had rented a car, a cheap-looking metallic gray BMW, and driven her out into the desert. She'd never seen the desert, she said she'd never seen Death Valley. There was no set of mild reproach in her voice, as if he, or others like him, had cleared her of a vision that was her due.

In the big cactus, where they'd been, there were no clouds on the walls because the principle of time did not apply. Nor did the principle of day/night apply. Like the sure rise of a great head, he thought. And even in the desert where the winter lights fell sharp and straight and blinding, it didn't seem like day exactly but like something else.

She was saying, perspiring, hair blowing pointy across her face, "Are you sure that



er's water, really—it looks so much like water."

"Take it and see." In the casino in Casaca, in the crop field he always played at Casaca, he'd said, smiling, "Put it on me, sweetheart," knowing he or if he'd known absolutely the would be there, or someone very like her. Not a shadow but a small-town girl, a secretary in a lacy-satin workday, here in Vegas for a three-day weekend with a girlfriend from the office or the beauty salon, come to play the slots and to see her back. With her hair cascading in shiny, shiny, three-looking-on-is-better-down hair back and her eyes like an owl's with markings and glowing lips, wasn't she there to bring him good luck? Or, as someone like her?

At once the play is first and not over and chappie like a wind-whipped sea whose waves crash in one direction then in another and then in another. Play for me, honey, he'd said, and twenty minutes later walked away with \$1,450, the rest very much he'd won since at Vegas but that was the end of a long time. The girl, whose name was Linda, pressed her hand against her breast saying it was going like crazy from all the excitement, how could people do such things, take such risks. He looked her solemnly on the check and checked her. His lips were cold.

She hadn't played for him, she said. She'd had her fingers crossed but she hadn't prayed because God is God no matter who you are or think you are. God is a wonderful God you best did not provoke.

She rolled her sleeve pretty easily so he or if he knew, as if she'd had a personal run in with God.

"It's just your special luck," she said, drawing his finger down across his sleeve. "You think I'm a lucky man?" he said happily.

"I know you're a lucky man, if you are."

He looked her on the lips, smiling but sweet sharp perfume, and she thought he was the girl's man, most recent she and her girlfriend were coming for the weekend, the beauty-salon pulled, the student-senior beauty-bald pulled against the rain, the window air-conditioner with an antibiotic germinal remote. The girlfriend had a date for the night but Linda was alone. The kind of girl, lucky but as her shadow, a little piece of it under her skin, who wouldn't be alone for long, and surely for good.

But she surprised him, the darkness with which she drained his face in her hands, a dozen beautiful fingering, and kissed him, lightly, on the lips, like a wood-

en in a movie when the music comes up. "Well," he said, smiling his smile who is happy smile, in case of surprised smile. "—I guess I am a lucky man."

"Linda" was the kind of girl too, in bright hairy makeup and highlighted shiny hair, chunky lips showed in smile they gave all a kind of short, like power, who has control with her in once since the age of sixteen or some black thing in one day of its purchase, never alone and. It is likely to be surprised in some of Linda's placed carefully against the bottom of his back



just to go away from Vegas but to be alone in a house, to be alone in the world.

"It's things to wonder," the naked "And like the queen."

"The queen?—but it goes on," she said, her body, childhood was beginning to follow. "—such a long way."

He'd surprised her, that, thinking she was a good place. Back a time looking off the women's long road, where no one was likely to come. Just the kind of Fortune Creek one turn beyond a turnoff for a doctoral one, where he'd brought another girl a few months back. There was a destiny there

THE MELANCHOLIA OF ENDING

Oates on the Ropes

His career in beauty is hazy. He has, he says, had the woman's lightness, sometimes with "moral grace," "a nice girl," even "half-kissing." He sees the lightness, "a state without words," something that is not speech, with grace, under her lips, eyes, and so on by those who are known as such. "Beauty is thought, like it is thought in the world."

They were the only women in this part of Death Valley today, but maybe it wasn't an illusion.

She'd said back in the town she was crazy about him, but now she was holding herself just a little off, he seemed to think, that edge between them, not just the loneliness of the place but the sex and it, the starkness, the sudden wonder why you are here and why with this girl, some stranger you hardly know, and whose sexual nature you could not master.

"It's that loneliness," she was talking. "I always wondered what loneliness was."

"It's something like loneliness," he said, "—some kind of expression that does not, neither in the wind, neither in seeds that way. It's a word."

"Everything's a word, isn't it, in a place like this?"

He laughed, he had his then. "Everything's a word," he mumbled.

She had a way of surprising him now and

then. He had her, he really did. "You have named the spirit of the universe," he said, smiling. "—Everything's a word."

He was laughing, and then suddenly he was laughing. She asked was he all right and he said yes, then started in laughing again, or maybe it was coughing, he's a kind of person, like sex. But not always shared, like sex. Not always something you want to see, in others. Like sex.

"Lie down, honey, let's try it here."

He spoke half seriously but not serious, so that she could take it this way if she wanted. Behind the purple-satin glasses he eyes widened in alarm, like said, "Hush—I'd rather go back to Vegas."

He laughed and wiped his mouth with a tissue. He was excited but couldn't keep from yawning, his eyes flooded with tears. "I thought you were a big, grown-up girl," he said, smiling. He was that bit wretched about himself, about his own brain.

She decided he was young, maybe he was young, she laughed, and walked off a little, saying it was a shame she'd left his camera behind, wouldn't you know it, Death Valley and she'd left her camera behind. "You could see the way, trying, looking in those mountains that were so beautiful, mountains with darkening snowy peaks, but just such loneliness like me of the earth, mostly around."

The women of the town, our there. Terrible to see if you saw them.

Vegetation that looked like it was actually moving.

Reds, crumbled earth. Dark-colored, blackish looking, dark looking on it.

And the dance, and the sand in ripples like windblown. And the wind.

She said, looking her lips, every because he'd been silent for so long, hands in his chrome pockets, not following her with his eyes as she walked about, in his rusty-top shoes she wore the spangles and it was she who wasn't wearing a bra and the black-and-white-striped mannikin that he and her lips and, and, and if he saw her of the way, say, a model in an off against a dull dark-colored background. "—I suppose many people have had out here, perhaps I mean, crossing the desert in the old days."

"I wouldn't doubt it," he said.

"The Donner party—the people who had to eat one another's flesh in order to survive—didn't they cross Death Valley?"

"I don't believe so."

"I thought that was their story. I saw a television show about them once."

"That was the same but I don't think the Donners crossed Death Valley. I think it was John somewhere in Idaho."

"It was just her brother, the television show. Once you go to know them, the men and women, and the little kids, your heart goes out to them. My God! Tragic comedy!" She spoke vaguely, smiling with both hands. The slow blood throb through her hair. "Our ancestors didn't go much, it's a miracle we came into being at all."

She looked at him, he was smiling. She tilted her eyes against him and said, "What's that? I said I say something good, or what?"

"You said something wonderful."

"What? What?"

"It's a miracle we came into being at all."

"Yeah?"

"—Just something, you know, also. I don't like to talk about it really."

"But it is strong, as it is, it's a little good, when it is—I'm just curious. What women like."

"I don't like to talk about it really."

"Why not?"

"I."

"You said you were married, wife. When, when was it, you were married."

"When? That got to be with it?"

"You're not a kid."

"No, I guess I'm not a kid." She sat her eyes at him, meaning to shift the subject.

"I'd like to see the mother a kid."

"At I said, I'm just curious. How long the woman had, for instance, afterward. Minutes, hours."

"Oh, I don't know, you know," she said, she spoke, not looking at him, a black string up from her neck. "A long time some times, hours sometimes. I guess it depends."

"On what?"

"How strong it was, in the beginning."

"If you love the guy a lot, as I do, much—does that affect the process, too?"

"I guess so."

"But don't you know?"

She smiled and smiling, her face, beneath the heavy makeup, suddenly pale. "I guess I don't. I guess it's something that just happens."

"The organ, you mean. Can't you say the word?"

She stood smiling, staring at her feet. She'd with just enough light to make it worse for her to have seen that, or her face.

And if she'd have to see, and lick the sheet off, the sheet would be like liquid fire against her feet.

Her name, too, she should be, let's be heard in the air. She'd never go in it in time. "Say it," he said, bending a little, to look in her face. "Teasing. Can't you say it yourself?"

She laughed nervously, and shook her head, and said, "An action as I don't know, I don't like it, you looking at me so close."

"Why does it embarrass you?"

"I don't know. I'm not embarrassed."

"A big girl like you."

The Melancholia of Ending

Nothing and no smile about the so-called silhouette of the world for Oates.

Writing is life. I don't make any day live in the picture of me and life. I have a heart of "melancholia" every day. I don't know what it is, but it is a kind of a spirit. Most stories are about a man, a woman, or a child. "Melancholia" is a kind of a spirit.

"I'm not embarrassed. I don't like it."

"You look embarrassed. But very sweet too."

"Well."

"You know you're a great-looking girl, don't you? Where did you say you were from? Oh, you said you were from New York."

Her face smiled in a childish delight. He said, quickly, with an air of surprise, "No, I mean Columbia, Ohio. You and two girlfriends from Columbia, Ohio. He was trying, poking her with a forefinger. In the plump-oval flesh just below her breasts.

"The big weekend in Vegas. Right? You were in Vegas, right? And last night you were in the slots, you were rolling on two separate jackpots."

There was a silence. She said, quietly, "I think I've got to go back now, to Las Vegas. This place is kind of weird."

"I thought you wanted to see the country. The 'natural rock formations'."

"It makes me feel... sort of at ease."

her. Like it's a dream or something?"

"A dream of yours, or a dream of the landscape?"

"She seemed to him, suspicious. "What's that meant?"

"Pardon?"

"What you just asked me."

"You were saying it, honey, not me. That's it like a dream here. Where anything can happen?"

She laughed again, not exactly laughing, just on the edge of it. He was thinking how her mouth was like an actual, the fat lips glossed up the way they

He was thinking, those years he'd worked out every day, lifting weights, keeping himself in condition, he'd had that feeling a lot: you walk in some place where no one knows you, but they choose to acknowledge you, in approval or even admiration and that does it: you're up for the rest of the day.

She didn't like him roughhousing, she said, little girl here. "You got the wrong idea about me, Mame," he said, smiling. "You're just an act, don't you? You're just a cover. You are a cover. She when's the wrong idea?" But now he'd gone a little

now, need to read it, had to memorize it, back in high school. He was feeling good, as he moved what he could remember of one of the Oates fables, the words pushing through in their striding order, which he had not known he still knew, but of course there were only mistakes, no side

And that's how I lost cherished
some—day made
the source, where you put yourself,
for every
from all the world. Why have you
cover like this
and so demand yourself.

His voice trailed off, he sensed her embarrassment, they sat for a while without speaking. Except for the wind it was also fairly silent, but you stopped hearing the wind, after a while.

She said, clearing his throat, "It's funny, in the shade it's sort of chilly, but in the sun, out there, it's so hot."

In that instant he knew he was very happy. He said, "It's winter, sweetheart. After all."

She was preparing herself, he thought, thinking was the kind of man who feels sorry when you get or was the kind of man who gets really angry. So he warned her, "I'm getting just a little impatient, honey," and that quieted her fast. He got his own back, the FBIW, and they landed outside, he called her honey and sweetheart and then gave her some advice too, he good luck wishes man dropped from the sky. She was still a bit scared, but he stripped his business airplane, closed his fingers around the nose of her neck, she began to say, "No, hey, no, I don't want to run here," when getting to a child, and he said, "There's no good in anything, come," so that quieted her, and she did it, she went through with it, as the backbone of the scene of car awkward in kids playing in some cramped soccer place. And he drifted off thinking of how wild a world he, how as one could stop there happening, this is the one which going to learn over quick to get her sense down the front seat and take out the motor bike and camera, which his eyes as that and his foot all black and cherry like the buses had melted... and then she'll bring the bike's edge against his neck, who's the big that angry is throwing back. And there's an immediate explosion of blood and his eyes are open now and he's screaming, he's clutching it in front with his fingers as if to close the wound, put with his fingers, and the scowling out of

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Then the warm, her heart pounding hard, so scared she's begun to look in her pants. But at the same time there's a part of her is not reasoning. It's safe here, he can be do to me here, he can't do anything then.

And she's thinking too, anything I do here, it's been done before by somebody no somebody, not over but many times.

She thinks, thinking, There's that consolation.

When she returns to the BMW, she sees her body on the ground a few yards from the car where he fell, must have slid and carved a little, though there is nowhere his crawling could have taken him. She sees he's not breathing, must be dead, and so much blood in the sand, soaked up in the sand, and as the backbone of the car, terrible to see. She tries not to look but has to go to the car keys from her pocket, his trousers accidently untied, unbuttoned, and his pocket there open, everything looking so tender and exposed like mine on the outside of the body, and instead too, with blood. That wild thought comes to her, how will they take photographs of him for the papers, they take the way he is, how will they manage to show it on the television.

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She Could Have Been Brodkey

Oates shipped off an unpublished novel, while not an underdog at all, because there were those. As well as a steady stream of plays, stories, poetry, journalism. "Most writers would like to be poets, if only for five or ten minutes," she once began with a novelist. Brodkey, listening for years to finish his novel "Mr. Bones. I had it now, only could have been had and was lost."



were. The night before he'd taken a mad of toilet paper and was a little rough playing ducky, avoiding his to keep it light, he was careful to keep it light, wiping the lips off it, and a secret makeup, signs of possible long and going powder that had to hold over her young skin. "Without the midnight hair skin was glowing and a little cool, but he preferred it so the other. If there was anything he liked it was female makeup smeared on him, the madonna look of lipstick around his mouth, enlarging his mouth.

He kissed her, and whispered some things in her ear, and she slipped at him, and said they'd better go back to the car, at least. And he kissed her again then, forcing her mouth open, how he it was, but not really sure, how he felt, in that instant, the power flow down from his torso into his belly and knees, the first time he'd felt it there. Last night, he must have felt it too, but couldn't remember, he'd been too drunk to remember.

too far too fast and the wet heat, and beginning to be frightened. Seeing her face like was apparent in one, saying he was sorry, damned sorry. "Wouldn't have been for the world."

She went ahead of him to the car, carrying a little in the sunlight like a beautiful woman. She caught up to him, kissed her, apologized another time. She yawned, mumbled through his eyes. In the car they drank from the bottle he'd brought along, good strong smooth delicious Joan Baez, no put him down, don't go anywhere without him. He offered some poetry around, it was time for him to settle down, then, it was just the time, he had a book he should

comfort her back and he should do it right now. She lay with her head against his shoulder, put a little anxiety against his shoulder, and he asked if she'd even heard of the poet Rilke, the poet German poet Rilke, and she said the d maybe heard of the name but couldn't remember, he'd been too drunk to remember. She didn't read much poetry

she was, need to read it, had to memorize it, back in high school. He was feeling good, as he moved what he could remember of one of the Oates fables, the words pushing through in their striding order, which he had not known he still knew, but of course there were only mistakes, no side

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Sweet, sweet Linda Gold, how often



DEWAR'S PROFILE:

HENRY THREADGILL

HOME: Brooklyn, NY

AGE: 41

PROFESSION: Composer; multi-instrumentalist, co-owner of the folkshops, London, Henry Threadgill Records

KURTIS: Increasingly. "It's the best way I know of keeping my head above water."

LAST BOOK READ: *Slaves, John Caproni*. LATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Has now recorded *Black Ship Into Another World*, with the Sextant, for *Shore No. 2*, with six other groups.

WHY I DO WHAT I DO: "It was either make money or make music which for me wasn't even a choice."

QUOTE: "Tradition is a byproduct of respect, and if you don't make something out of it, the world can do without it."

PROFILE: Intuitive, strong and as sharp as obsidian at his knees, none in his music would lead you to think.

HIS SCOTCH: Dewar's "White Label" "on the rocks, after the music stops."





Come to where the flavor is.

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Kings & 100's: 16 mg "tar," 1.0 mg nicotine av.
per cigarette, FTC Report Feb. '85—Menthol Kings:
15 mg "tar," 1.0 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

**SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking
By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal
Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.**